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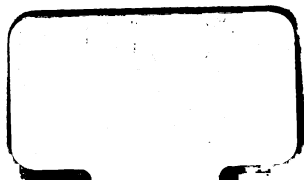
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THE
LUMP OF GOLD:

And Other Poems.

BY CHARLES MACKAY,

AUTHOR OF

"ROBRIA," "LEGENDS OF THE ISLES," "THE SALAMANDRINE,"
ETC. ETC.

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THE LUMP OF GOLD.

Part the First.

I.

“ WHERE shall I hide myself?—

Lost and undone!—

A beggar—an outcast—

Insulting the Sun!

Oh! Yesterday vanished!

How lovely wert thou;—

The hope in my spirit,

The pride on my brow,

The firm self-reliance

My guardian and friend,

The courage unyielding

That Fate could not bend;

Were mine to support me;—

Oh! Yesterday fair!

B

Come back, oh come back to me,
Free from despair!
To-day is relentless,
My judge and my foe;—
And misery tracks me,
Wherever I go.
My temples are throbbing
With sin unforgiven;
Men shall not pity me!
Pity me, Heaven!"

II.

Down came the drenching rain,
Beating the window-pane,
Hoarsely the rusty vane,
Groan'd to the blast;—
Few in the dreary street,
Plodded with weary feet;—
He, through the piercing sleet
Shadow-like passed.

The lamps shook and stagger'd,
And creak'd to the wind;
And each on the pavement
Threw trailing behind,
A flickering beam,
As of fire on a stream,
Or torch of the Sprite,
That dances o'er stagnant pools
Cheating belated fools,
Roaming at night.

III.

Under the doorways,
Screened from the weather,
Desolate women stood
Crouching together;
They, as he passed them,
Wondered, and gazed;—
Said one to the other,
“He raves, he is crazed!—

Something has troubled him,—

Hark how he moans!

But why should we pity him

Here on the stones?

And yet who can help it?

Do you—if you can ;—

I'd trample on Sorrow

If I were a man.

Men have no misery

Equal to ours !”

He saw not—he heard not—

Poor way-trodden flowers,

Your pity escaped him!

His world was within ;—

A world—or a chaos—

Of anguish and sin.

The rain and the tempest

Were cool to his cheek,

Balm to his throbbing brow,—

Hark ! did he speak ?

“Madness broods over me!
Kind-hearted Death—
Canst thou not shelter me?
Vain is my breath!
Take it and welcome—
And low let me lie;
Low in the quiet grave;
Deep in the doleful wave;
Weary of living,
Unworthy to die.”

IV.

Down came the drenching rain,
Bubbling and swelling—
Fierce blew the gusty wind,
Roaring and yelling.
The senate was silent,
Its orators fled,
The ball-room was empty,
Its roses were dead.

Listless or half awake
Through the dull town,
Fashion rode homewards
In ermine and down ;—
Fashion and Beauty
All jaded and wan ;
Fast through the tempest
The steeds gallop'd on.
Fire from their clanging hoofs
Heavily shod
'Mid the black rain pools
Flashed where they trod.
Indolent Fashion,
Weary and warm,
Saw from its chariot
That desolate form,
Beating its rapid way
Deaf to the storm :
“ Mad ! ” said the Countess,

“Of drink!” said the Earl;—
“Or love!” said his daughter fair—
Twisting her flaxen hair
Back into curl.

v.

Pass, sleepy Luxury!
Pass on your way!—
You know not the wretchedness
Born every day.
High on life's summit
In sunshine and snow,
You hear not the torrents
That thunder below.
Pass! he regards you not!
Sees not, nor hears;
The roar of your burning wheels
Frets not his ears.
His senses are absent
In worlds of his own—

In deserts of agony
Lost and alone.

VI.

Calm sleep the citizens ;—
Loud the wind blows ;—
If its wild moaning
Break their repose,
They dream as they hear it,
Or turn where they lie,
Conscious of happiness,
Knowing not why,
Except that the flush of morn
Lights not the sky.
Sleep ! happy citizens !
Sleep every one !
'Tis Misery only
Wakes ere the Sun.
Rest ! Pain and Poverty !
Sleep ! Toil and Care !

Heaven, though it gave you
 Burdens to bear,
Lightens the heavy load,
Shortens the weary road,
 Breathes on your brain,
The balm and the solace
 And healing of pain.
Slumber ye millions
 Calmly till day !
Luxury ! Beggary !
 Sleep, while ye may !

VII.

Onwards, still onwards !
 But whither ? who knows ?
Where the lights quiver
By the black river,
 Thither he goes !
Frenzy goes with him,
 His counsel and guide,

A phantom, a spectre ;
She stalks by his side.
“ Idiot,” she whispers,
“ See’st thou the end ?
Self-respect flies from thee,
Death is thy friend ;
Nothing is left thee !”
Deep from his heart
Came a denial,—
“ O tempter depart ;
She may remain to me !”
“ Fool that thou art !
Hast thou a truth to give
Pure as of yore ?
What shall her broken trust
Ever restore ?
Live, and she’ll hate thee ;—
Die ;—she’ll deplore,
Angel that loved thee once,
Lost evermore !”

VIII.

Ceas'd the wind, sunk the rain,
Shone out the starlight;
Calm o'er the silent stream
Glitter'd each far light.
Lonely in gloomy mood,
On the bleak bridge he stood,
Midway above the flood,
Looking down wistfully
To the dark waters,
Grave of the young and fair,
Passion's lost daughters.

IX.

Oh, the pale faces
Surging and sailing!
Oh, the long garments
Lapping and trailing!
In the moon-shimmer
Pallid and wan,

Vapour-like, woman-like,
Gleaming and gone !
Gleaming a moment,
Then fading away ;
Tombéd in the ripple,
Born in the ray ;
Ever he saw their ghosts,
Changeful and mournful hosts,
Through the waves peering,
Pointing their misty hands,
Gibing and jeering ;—
Then to the starry maze
Turned his weak human gaze,
Blinded by tears ;
Felt on the stormy sea
Of his soul's agony,
Dew-like serenity,
Drop from the spheres.

X.

Ship-like, full-breasted,
Travelled the moon,
Swift as a gondola
In a lagoon,
Through the cloud-highlands
In silvery glow,
Through the white islands
Of turretted snow.
Beautiful! Beautiful!
How could he dare
Ruffle with Passion
The placid night air?
Or gaze on the moonlight
With his despair?
Lovely, most lovely!
How could he stand
There, in the sight of Heaven,
Clenching his hand;

Fuming and fretting
At Fate's iron bars,
An atom! a grain of dust!
Chiding the stars?
Beautiful! Beautiful!
Peace on its beams,
Slid like a seraph
Into his dreams.
The mists of his spirit
Were rent and withdrawn,
Beautiful! Beautiful!
Welcome the dawn!

XI.

In gold and in purple,
In amber and grey,
Under the steeple vanes,
Eastward away,
Over the house-tops
Blushed the new day.

Filling not wholly
 Heaven's azure cup,
But faintly and slowly
 Morn travelled up.
The moonlight received it,
 And died in a swoond ;
Hesperus saw it
 And vanished, discrowned—
Steeple and pinnacle,
 Turret and spire,
Crowded and countless
 As flames in a fire ;—
All the great city,
 As far as the sight,
Emerged into morning
 And glimmer'd in light.

XII.

Smokeless—and voiceless—
 Majestic and fair—

No roar of its whirlpool
Of struggle and care,
Broke the sweet silence.
Enfolding the air.
Peace might have made it
A palace and dome,
Could our wild passions
Allow it a home.
Peace! no; it cannot rest
On the earth's teeming breast;—
War is our life!
Sleep is the truce of God
Plucked from the strife!
To-morrow, that comes not,
Shall Peace have her throne
Low in the sleepy air
Trumpets are blown.
Wake thee, great city,
To-day is thine own.

XIII.

Whence came the tremor,
The flush and the start ?
What sent the dancing blood
Back to his heart ?
He saw as if mirror'd,
That he might behold,
Phantoms of Pride and Hope,
Glory and Gold ;
Phantoms that dazzled him
All his life long,
Leading him, tempting him,
Luring him wrong.

XIV.

He saw his dark scroll of life
Bared to his sight,

Spreading before him
 In darkness or light,
All his heart's history,
All his thought's mystery ;
 Back through the years
To the dim distance
 Of his first tears ;
Back to the early days,
 When a fair boy,
Spotless and artless
 He carolled in joy,
Plaiting green rushes,
 And gathering flowers,
Full of wild fancies
 As April of showers ;
Back to the happy time,
 Crowned with his youth,
When his heart's visions
 Were Beauty and Truth ;

•

Back to his moonlights,
His yearnings and sighs,
When the best Heaven he sought
Lay in a maiden's thought,
Or her blue eyes ;
Back to the darkness
Clouding his morn ;
Darkness and discord,
And longings forlorn,
Errors and frailties
And sufferings keen,
With flashes of gladness
And glory between.

XV.

Moodily, sullenly
Watching the tide,
Still the bad angel
Stood at his side ;

Black o'er his path
Fell her shadow of fear,
Angrily whispered
Her voice in his ear;
Her voice of reproaches
Too dreadful to bear.
"Look in thy heart," she said,
"Fool! and despair!
Fool—that would'st live
With such guilt on thy head—
Grief is for living men
Peace for the dead."

XVI.

Out from the sunshine
An answer there went,—
"Hush thee, false spirit,
The man shall repent,
God's mercy shall save him!"
Dear angel of love!

He looked through the morning,
And saw thee above:
The light of thy garment's hem
Dazzled the day;
Soft through the purple air
Borne far away,
Voices ecstatic
Seemed mingling to say,
"The man shall not perish!"
Shine brighter, bright dream!
O'er his dark memory,
Sparkle and beam;
Linger to charm him!
The struggle shall cease,
The spirit of evil
Shall leave him to peace.
The passions that rack him
Shall dwindle and die,
Hope points above him,
Sole star in the sky.

Shine vision of Beauty

His heart to allume,

Good angels be with him,

Day dawns on his gloom !

Part the Second.

I.

EMBOWERED amid the Surrey Hills

The quiet village lay,

Two rows of ancient cottages

Beside the public way,

A modest church, with ivied tower,

And spire with mosses grey.

II.

Beneath the elm's o'erarching boughs

The little children ran ;

The self-same shadows flecked the sward

In days of good Queen Anne ;

And then, as now, the children sang

Beneath its branches tall—

They grew, they loved, they sinned, they died—

The tree outlived them all.

But still the human flow'rets grew,
And still the children played,
And ne'er the tree lacked youthful feet
To frolic in its shade,
The ploughboy's whistle in the spring,
Or chant of happy maid.

III.

Oh, pleasant green of Micklethorpe!
From far Australian shore,
From deep Canadian wilderness
That hears St. Lawrence roar,
From ships in the Pacific seas,
Or coast of Labrador,
Comes back to thee the tender thought,
With dear remembrance crowned;
Thy wandering children love thee well,
And all the landscape round,
And dream of thee in lonely nights,
And think thee holy ground.

IV.

And so thou art ; and so shalt be,
Where'er thy loved ones roam ;
The vision of thine ancient tree
Shall speak to them of home ;
The ancient tree, the lone churchyard,
The monitory spire,
And smoke upcurling through the wood,
From distant cottage fire—
The scene of many a mother's kiss,
Or blessing of a sire.

V.

'Twas Sunday morn, and Parson Vale,
Beloved of high and low,
With smiles for all men's happiness,
And heart for every woe,
Walked meekly to the parish church,
With hair as white as snow—

Walked meekly to the parish church,
Amid his daughters three—
There were more angels at his side
Than mortal eyes could see—
The four were seven—for with them went
Faith, Hope, and Charity.

VI.

Faith, Hope, and heavenly Charity—
Whate'er the good man taught,
Whate'er his text, these blessed three
Were present to his thought ;
He never scorned his fellow men,
Or held the humblest nought.
He warned the strong, he raised the weak,
And, like his Master mild,
He helped and comforted the poor,
And loved each little child,
And, 'mid the moil and dust of life,
Went forward undefiled.

VII.

His eldest daughter, matron fair,
In beauty's perfect noon,
Mature, and redolent of sweets,
And pleasant as a tune,
Walked at his side ; his life's best charm,
Since one perchance more dear,
Had gone before him to the grave,
In summer of her year,
And left him memories and regrets,
And three fond hearts to cheer.

VIII.

Sweet Lilian Vale ! if some denied
The splendours of her face,
Not one denied her perfect charm
Of gentleness and grace.
No dazzling beauty fired her eyes,
But on her brow serene,

Enthroned upon that ivory seat,
Sat Goodness, like a queen.

IX.

The quiet ripple of her smile
Revealed the peaceful mind,
The mellow moonlight of her eyes
Her sympathies refined ;
And when she spoke, the audible charm
Was Beauty for the blind.
Her gentle heart was wooed and won,
But he whose name she bore,
Adventurous for the sake of wealth
Had sought the Australian shore ;
And delved the mines of Ballarat
For undiscovered ore.

X.

But not for sake of gold alone
Went Aubrey from his bride,

'Twas restless youth, 'twas love of change,
'Twas old ancestral pride,
'Twas hope to raise a fallen house
From penury's disgrace—
To purchase back from usurers
The birthright of his race;
And dwell respected like his sires
In Aubrey Park and Place.

XI.

So Lilian kept her father's house,
Beloved—and loving duty—
A youthful matron—fairest sight
In all the realm of Beauty.
No dream had she of sudden wealth
From all her lord's endeavour—
She only prayed his safe return—
Resigned;—but hopeful ever.

XII.

The four—the seven, went into church—

So meek, so calm, and holy ;—

But one unseen had gone before

With downcast eyes and lowly.

Pallid and faint, and travel-worn,

Like one sick-hearted and forlorn ;

He shunned the inquiring look,

And sat with chin upon his hand

And eyes upon the Book.

XIII.

The parson preached on Vanity,

And taught his simple flock

How lust of gold would cheat the hope

Till the very fiends did mock,—

The vanity of vanities—

The lesson new and old—

That virtue was the only wealth

Whose sum was never told ;

That love of money chilled the heart
And made the free a slave,
And took away from life and soul
More bounties than it gave ;
That all the gold was ever coined
Was impotent to buy
Departed youth, lost peace of mind,
A sunbeam in the sky,
Or half a minute from the grave
In life's last agony.

XIV.

“ Behold ! ” he said, “ the honest man
Who earns his daily bread,
And, unabashed, lifts up to Heaven
His independent head ;
And taking blessings when they come,
Enjoys them while they last ;
And waits the future day with hope,
While thankful for the past.

And look at Cræsus, old and sad,
With millions in his store—
With parks and farms, and mines and mills,
And fisheries on the shore :—
His money is his bane of life,
He dreads the workhouse door.

XV.

“He dreams his wife, his child, his friends,
His servants, all mankind,
Are leagued to plunder and deceive—
He trembles at the wind :
He shakes with palsy and distrust—
He fares like beggar hind.
He grudges nature half the crust
That hungry need demands,
And sees in visions of the day
The auction of his lands ;
His body in the pauper’s grave,
His gold in robber hands.”

XVI.

A sigh, deep-drawn, betrayed some heart
That felt compunctious wrong ;—
The preacher heard ; oh, lonely heart !
Take courage and be strong !—
“ Behold again, how Sporus lived
From youth till past his prime—
From morn of manhood to its eve—
He toiled for future time,
His forehead turned from Heaven to Earth,
In picking gold from slime ;
Gold for his need, to keep and breed,
That ere his life’s last hour,
Among the mighty of the land,
The Lord of hall and bower,
He might be worshipped for his wealth,
And float in seas of power.

XVII.

“ Unhappy prisoner,—self-immured !

Poor hunter of a shade !

The o’er-laboured brain refused its work—

The fire of life decayed ;

Amid the ruins of his mind,

Enthron’d in darkness grim,

Lord of his life, there sat a fiend

Would tear him limb from limb ;

Oh Death, that pitiest all below,

Look down and pity him !”

XVIII.

Again an audible sigh escaped

A sinner in the crowd ;—

None knew the heart that thus betrayed

Its agonies aloud :

But the preacher looked with eyes benign ;—

“ Come ! hear an olden tale,

Culled from the storehouse of the Past—
A truth within the veil.”

XIX.

The murmurous river of breath was hushed,—
Like the ripple of a brook,
When the sudden frost comes flashing down
And fixes it with a look;—
So vast the silence as he spoke,
You might have heard the grass
Rustle and wave to the fitful winds,
And the bee, in haste to pass,
Sounding a trump like a martial call
On a clarion of brass.

XX.

You might have heard the sparrow cheep
Mid the yew-berries juicy red,
And the long rank nettles singing a dirge
Over the nameless dead,

Where they lay as calmly as the 'squire
With the 'scutcheons o'er his head—
Calmly, calmly, pauper and 'squire,
Each in his narrow bed!

The Builder.

"What art thou building, building,
So lofty to behold,
With the silver and the gilding
The ivory and the gold,
And porphyry columns rising
Like trees in the forest old?

"Why place thy marble basements
So deep in the cold earth's veins,
And thy towers and window casements
So high o'er the steeple fanes,
And why those ponderous portals
With iron bolts and chains?

“ And why those guards and warders
 With horn and signal calls,
And far on thy furthest borders
 The moats and brazen walls,
Dost fear invading robbers,
 Or the foeman in thy halls ?”

“ I build a house of splendour
 Where in the world's despite,
I may force the hours to render
 Their tribute of delight ;
A house on the hill-top shining
 Far seen like a star at night.

“ I dread nor thief, nor foeman ;—
 My board shall teem with cheer,
When hunger bids, shall no man,
 Be scorned or stinted here,
But I raise these gates and turrets
 To guard me from a fear.

“To guard me safe-enfolden
Like a seed at the apple-core ;
Oh bolts and barriers golden,
Keep well the outer door,
That SORROW may not enter
To sting me as of yore.”

“Oh fool, in thy lordly palace !
Oh fool, with bolts and bars !
Thou’lt find her in thy chalice,
She’ll float in the wild-wind cars !
She’ll glide in the air thou breathest,
She’ll smite thee from the stars !

“She’ll come to thee in the morning
When the light of day streams in,
She’ll sit with thee in the evening,—
Thou fool, and child of sin !—
And whisper at thy pillow,
And claim thee of her kin.

“ In spite of all thy building,
And all thy warders stout,
And all thy gold and gilding,
She'll hedge thee round about :—
Heart-purity, and goodness,
Alone shall keep her out.”

• XXI.

The little flock went cheerily forth,
That sunny summer morn,
The poor man, at his humble feast,
Looked out on the growing corn,
And blessed the Providence of Heaven,
And the hour that he was born.
And the rich man owned that wealth alone
Was a boon of little worth,
If it brought not happy peace of mind,
And the glow of innocent mirth,

And the will to cheer and sanctify
The bye-ways of the earth.

XXII.

'Twas Monday morn at Micklethorpe,
And all its little world
Was up and stirring—out or in,
The mill resumed its click and din,
And the mill-wheel spun and swirl'd,
And the mill-stream danced in the morning light,
And all its eddies curl'd.

XXIII.

The mealy miller sniffed the breeze,
And boded pleasant weather ;
The sturdy blacksmith bared his arm,
And donned his apron-leather ;
While the jangling bells of the waggoner's team
They all kept time together.

The hostler whistled a poaching tune ;
And the landlord of the "Crown,"
Ruddy and round, came out to greet
The coach from the distant town—
For the railway spared this nook of hills,
By leagues of park and down.

XXIV.

The gardener's lad, who pruned the trees
That grew by the rectory wall,
Sang as he wrought, with wandering thought,
And a heart at peace with all.
Merry the lay, and clear as day ;
The parson heard the words
Come in at the open window-sill,
With the twitter of the birds,
And smiled to himself a quiet smile,
"An honest lad and free,
If he believe in the song he sings—
And a song well sung!" quoth he.

Earl Norman and John Truman.

“THROUGH great Earl Norman’s acres wide,

A prosperous and a good land,

’Twill take you fifty miles to ride,

O’er grass, and corn, and woodland.

His age is sixty-nine, or near—

And I’m scarce twenty-two, man,

And have but fifty pounds a-year—

Poor John Truman!

But would I change? I’faith! not I!

Oh no, not I, says Truman!

“Earl Norman dwells in halls of state,

The grandest in the county;

Has forty cousins at his gate,

To feed upon his bounty.

But then he’s deaf; the doctor’s care—

While I in whispers woo, man,

And find my physic in the air—

Stout John Truman!

D'ye think I'd change for thrice his gold?

Oh no, not I, says Truman!

“Earl Norman boasts a garter'd knee—

A proof of royal graces;

I wear, by Nelly wrought for me,

A silken pair of braces.

He sports a star upon his breast,

And I a violet blue, man—

The gift of her who loves me best—

Proud John Truman!

I'd be myself—and not the Earl—

Oh that would I, says Truman!”

XXV.

There were more listeners to the song

Than the jocund gardener knew,

The parson, and his daughters fair,
With their eyes of merry blue.—
And one without, by the hawthorn-hedge,
Who roamed the green lanes through,
Who roamed the green lanes up and down,
But stopped as the gardener sang ;
And heard the sound of his careless voice
As clear on the breeze it rang ;
“ Ah me ! ” he said, with bitter thought,
“ For the days for ever gone,
When I could sing in the morning light
With the whole world’s benison,
And fear no fiend in my own heart’s core
Goading me ever on ! ”

XXVI.

Tumultuous discord filled his soul—
How could he stand to hear,
The jarring joy, the taunting mirth
That sprang from a conscience clear ?

Away ! away ! for the shadow fell,
And the darkness gathered near !

XXVII.

One glance at Lilian through the leaves,
As she stood mid the lattice flowers,
Looking abroad like a ray of light
On this darkening world of ours,
And he was gone ; he knew not whither—
Into the wild-wood bowers ;—
Into the wild-wood's deepest bowers
Where none might see his pain,
And where the pitying trees might shield
The sunshine from his brain ;
Where he might weep ; if tears would come
With their showers of blessed rain :
Not yet ! not yet ! his barren eyes
Implored the dews in vain.

XXVIII.

O'er Meikleham Down the evening star
Shone radiant as the moon,
The balancing, floating, twinkling lark
As blithe as it were noon,—
Received the twilight with a song ;—
More free than the nightingale,
Who keeps her fancies for the stars
And chants to the moonlight pale,
But lets the daylight glow unsung ;—
Not so the liberal lark,
Familiar as the fragrant air
Who hails both dawn and dark ;
Like a cheerful heart, too busy with joy
To dream the world goes wrong,
But thankful ever, complaining never,
Buys itself up with song.

XXIX.

Across the Down went Lucy Gore,
The farmer's only daughter,
But nine years old—with glowing cheeks
And smiles like wimpling water.
Three miles she sped to Mickleton,
By shady lane and alley,
Across the stiles and through the copse,
And the corn-fields in the valley ;
As brave as childish innocence
That fears nor foe nor stranger,
She never stopped or looked behind,
Or thought of toil or danger.

XXX.

With little hand she gently tapped
At the open Rectory door ;
To Parson Vale, and him alone,
Her earnest bode she bore ;

And Lilian gave her welcome kind,
But wondered what could bring
So young a carrier dove as this
So late upon the wing.

XXXI.

The simple tale was briefly told—
A man in evil plight,
A stranger in her father's house,
Lay suffering in their sight:
Self-tortured—wandering in his speech—
With fancies dark and wild—
And unintelligible all,
“Except,” said the little child,
“When he calls on Parson Vale to come,
For God's and pity's sake,
And hear the sorrows of his heart
Before his heart shall break ;—
And I,” said Lucy Gore, “am come
For Christ's and pity's sake.”

XXXII.

The Parson's face, a morning sky
Suffused with light from Heaven,
Grew radiant with his meek resolve ;—
“ Be all our sins forgiven—
I'll go, and cheer the soul-sick man.”—
He kissed his children three
Lovingly on the cheek and brow—
And Lucy Gore and he
Went hand-in-hand across the down,
In the light of Charity.

Part the Third.

I.

“THOU’ST better, Edward,” said, in gentle tone,
Aubrey’s own Lilian, o’er his pillow bending ;
“The fever and the agony are gone,
And peace is with thee.” One warm tear descending,
Fell on his hand. “Oh, piteous dew,” he said,
“That shows she loves me ; would the healing flow
If I could tell her all that she must know
When the cold grass waves dankly o’er my head !”

II.

“Aye ! Edward ! I am thine : whate’er thou art !”
His pale face shone with ecstasy of gladness—
A moment only : looming from his heart
Came the dark shadow of unsolaced sadness.
“Few are mine hours,” he said, “and full of sorrow,
But if thou’lt pity and forgive my guilt

I could die happier ; from thy face I borrow
Mine only joy :—Thou'lt pity me ?—Thou wilt ?”

III.

“ Aye! from my heart's deep heart, and inmost soul !
How could I love thee, if I did not share
All thou endurest ; all but thy despair ?
Look up repenting : Faith shall make thee whole ;
And if this human love, so frail and fond,
Shall lead thee to it, rise from thy despond,
And know it thine ; thine only, as of yore,
And thine, thine only—now and evermore.

IV.

True love bears all but treason to itself ;
In sorrow, comforting ; in loss of self
Coining its looks to treasure ; kindly words
To fortunes and estates ; in guilt and pain
Looking up hopefully through Sorrow's rain
To sunshine and the chant of heavenly birds !”

V.

“Let me die happy!” said the feeble man;—
The parson entered, all his visage bright
With inward glory,—“No! thou shalt not die—
Lily brings comfort, all that true love can,
But I bring greater; on thy soul’s dim night
Impetuous morning rushes from the sky,
And shows thee hope on earth as well as heaven.”
He looked up doubtful,—“I am unforgiven!”

VI.

“Nay!” said the parson, “Darest thou define
The infinite height and depth of love divine
Or scope of mercy? Leave us for a space,
Lily, my child.” She glided from the place
Like a fair sunbeam from the lingering gloom,
And Aubrey felt a chillness in the room;
And darkness where so late pure light had shone.
“Why didst thou bid my star of peace be gone?”

Without her presence life forgets to burn—
Let me not die until the light return !”

VII.

Three hours beside his bed the good man sat,
Watchful, benign, and patient. Their discourse
Lilian nor knew, nor guessed ;—but hoped and prayed
That on her lord’s sad soul long-vanished peace
Might fall like moonlight on a troubled sea,
Or choral music in cathedral aisles,
That stills all worldly passion where it breathes,
And wafts the willing fancy straight to heaven
Amid the seraphim that know and love,
And milder cherubim that love and know ;—
Their whispers, melodies, their converse high,
Eternal harmonies unheard of men,
Imagined only by the ecstatic few
Who catch far off faint echoes of their song,
And tell to none the mysteries they dream.

VIII.

Was her hope vain? She thought not, when she saw
Her father's face; and when he spoke, the hope
Flushed into certainty. "Let him repose—
He hath heard news that will revive his soul.
No evil dreams shall vex him;—let him rest.
Watch thou beside him, Lily, if thou wilt,
And when he wakes, make known that I am here.
Say nothing more of me, but of thyself
All that thy love may dictate. He is healed."

IX.

And so it happened. "Lily," said her lord,
Ere passed the week, as, leaning on her arm,
He walked in sunshine through the leafy lanes,
And caught the odorous breezes on his cheeks—
"I feel new life; all joys that I had lost
Have come back greater, fairer than before;
To thee I owe them, and thy saintly sire.

When I am stronger, as I soon shall be,
I'll tell thee all the evil I have done
Since last I left thee for the golden land ;
And all the good, I hope, full blessed with thee,
To do hereafter. Courage fails me yet—
But no, not courage ;—only strength ;—that comes
Daily and hourly. Meanwhile, the blue sky,
The wind that wantons 'mid the beechen boughs,
And sports amid thy hair, dear love, and mine ;
The sunshine, and the wild flow'rs by the way,
The innocent carol of the heartsome birds,
Fill me with joy so deep, I dread to tell
How blest I am, lest telling it should mar,
And seem to invite the lurking fiends that watch
To strike the goblet from our thirsty lips,
And punish happiness that boasts too soon ;—
As if they said—' since happiness can be
The fault is ours ;—out with it from the world !' ”

X.

“Be glad and fear not!” was the prompt reply,
“Innocent joy is piety to God,
A joy diffusive, like the light of heaven,
Fair in itself, and making all things fair,
Even in its shadow!” Thus they walked and spoke;
And thus came splendour to his fading eye,
Thus came the crimson to his pallid cheek,
The hopeful courage to his youthful heart
That Sorrow had not dulled with apathy,
Or punctured with the poisonous gall of hate.

XI.

“Thy father knows my secret—so must thou,”
Said Aubrey to his wife one summer morn,
Sitting upon the green sward ’mid the flowers;
“I’ve strength to tell it, and from thee, sweet heart,
I may hide nothing—of thy love secure;—
Dreading to lose thy love, I might conceal

Aught that would rob me of the meanest mite
Of an affection which is more than life ;—
That which upholds it, chastens and adorns.

XII.

“The shadow is past: the storm-bent tree, unscathed,
Stands in its place and lifts its boughs to heaven,
And if I’ve suffered—suffering nerves the strong.
The placid river, flowing through the mead,
Shows not its strength ; but when its pathway slopes
Downwards ’mid jagged rocks, and chasms austere,
It knows the task necessity decreed,
And awes the world with spectacle of power.
Such course I’ve run ; and now, grown calm once more,
I can reflect the starlight of thine eyes,
And mirror in clear heart the things of heaven.
Come place thy hand in mine, and hear the tale.”

Part the Fourth.

I.

Two years ago, five hundred souls,
We sailed in the good ship "Anne,"
Some to trade, and many to dig,
And some under Fortune's ban ;
But all intent on the bright red gold,
That gladdens the heart of man.

II.

No tears were shed, as our vessel sped
Where the free fresh breezes bore ;
We thought of the wealth our hands should win,
And cared not to deplore
A land unmotherly to us,
Who drove us from her shore,
Wherever we would, for evil or good,
To wipe away the stain

That poverty burns on the breast and brow,
 With a brand like that of Cain ;—
To rub it off with the virtue of gold,
 And the potency of gain.

III.

There were but two—and I was one—
 Regretful to depart ;
And we were friends, we knew not why,
Except for the hidden sympathy
 That acts from heart to heart
Magnetic, ere the tongue can say
 “ My friend ! I feel thou art ! ”

IV.

Like one awaking from a dream,
 Ere the mist of slumber clears,
I wondered whether I slept or wak'd,
 And what made tarry my tears ;

Asking myself—"And can it be
That I've done my heart such wrong
As to leave my Lily—my Queen of flowers—
That bloomed in my bosom long,
And join, for the sake of the dreary dross,
This miserable throng?"

V.

But Hope went with me ; thou wert safe,
And I thought of a coming day,
When my Lily should bloom in a lordly bower,
The Queen of my life's glad May ;
And built high palaces of cloud,
To gleam in the morning ray.
Palace and tower of changing form ;—
Ever they fell and rose,
But ever amid their purple halls,
And corridors of snows,
I saw the gleam of thy spangled robes,
And thy feet like twinkling stars ;

And heard thy voice, and saw thy face
Peering through golden bars.

VI.

At evening, when the sun went down,
All heaven for his attire,
We watched the glory of his face—
The old Imperial Sire—
Sinking to rest in the regal west,
In robes of crimson fire.

VII.

Five hundred souls on good ship board,
And only two to bless
The splendour of the closing day,
And the twilight loveliness!
Five hundred souls, and only two
To look into the night,
In its ineffable majesty,
And wonder at the sight,

With love no language could express,
And yearnings infinite !

VIII.

We saw communion in our eyes,
The voiceless thought of each ;
The frozen founts of sympathy
Were loosened into speech.
The lighthouse glittered faint and far,
But ere we lost its flame,
Each knew the other's hopes and fears,
His kindred and his name ;
The uneasy spirit that urged him forth,
And the country whence he came.

IX.

Four weary months on the wide wide sea,
We paced the deck together ;
Dreading no foe but the treacherous berg
And the breezeless summer weather,

When the idle topsail hung on the mast
As useless as a feather.

X.

The sailors glancing to the south
Discoursed of mist and snow,
“Heaven grant!” they said, “deliverance
From the iceberg and the floe!”
Far as our wondering eyes could reach
Uprose their summits clear;—
Like cities on a distant shore
We saw them floating near;
Cathedrals, pinnacles, and towers,
And palaces of cold,
Rose-tinted, amber, opal blue,
Alight with living gold.

XI.

Fair Ocean Alps! we could but gaze
With wonder and delight,

Though still the wary seaman spoke
Of perils in the night :—
“ Heaven be our hope ! and guide us safe
Through perils of the night ! ”

XII.

And were our eyes and ears deceived,
And were we near a town ?
Far from the ship, beyond the ice
A league or more, adown,
We heard the sound of pealing bells,
One ! two ! and three ! and four !
“ Rejoice ! ” we cried, “ the land ! the land !
They’re ringing on the shore ! ”

XIII.

Oh, cheating dream ! oh, credulous hope !
We could have wept, each one ;—
’Twas but our own ship’s bell that rung
At setting of the sun.

The echoes, muffled in the cold,
Came back forlorn and lost,
Dim shadows of departed sounds,
From the caverns of the frost—
And we were alone on the wide wide sea
With the icebergs and the frost.

XIV.

Three days and nights they hemmed us in,
An adamantine wall,
We saw their peaks and battlements,
We heard them crack and fall.
The fourth day when we rose at morn
The favouring breezes blew,
The dwindling icebergs far behind
Had left us passage through ;
The good ship sped, our sails were spread
Full breasted to the sky,
And for aid in peril and distress
We praised the Lord on High.

XV.

At length, impatient of the ship,
We reached the golden land,
And Heseltine and I took leave
Upon its desolate strand,
And breathed the hope to meet again
Fervently, hand in hand.
And I went out to the wilderness
With earnest heart and high,
To put my manhood to the test
All danger to defy,
And gather store of the burning gold
That all men deify.

XVI.

Day by day I toiled and dug ;
I was the veriest slave,
Who ever sold himself to chains—
I wrought with fool and knave,

With the selfsame toil for the selfsame end ;

I hated them one and all,

So stubborn of heart—so coarse of tongue,

Such bondsmen under thrall,

So mean and grasping—pity me Heaven !

I hated them one and all.

XVII.

All the deeper my hatred grew,

Because from day to day

I feared and felt I might become

As grovelling as they.

I saw their vices in my own,

And turned my eyes away.

XVIII.

One was a peer of ancient blood,

The lord of acres—none ;

And one a wrangler from the Cam

In purse and name undone.

And one could speak in choicest Greek,
And one was a bishop's son.

XIX.

And they dug, and dug, and so did I,
And many a hundred more,
Who claimed me of their brotherhood
For the greed of the golden ore.
But I loathed them from my haughty heart,
And kept myself aside,
A moody man but little esteemed,
With armour strong and tried,
Armour of proof and coat of mail,—
Unconquerable pride.

XX.

One morn, apart and unobserved,
I roamed beyond the bound,
And saw a streak of glittering gold
An inch above the ground;

I could not lift it with my hands ;—
I dug, and none was near ;—
I scraped the earth with greedy haste
In a pang of joy and fear.

XXI.

And oh ! the lustful agony,
I sought not to control—
The avarice greedy as Hell's own fire,
That stirred me body and soul,
As I bared it forth—and inch by inch
Measured it—part, and whole !

XXII.

The gold was long, and broad, and thick,
As the statue of a man ;—
I felt a fever in my blood
That through my pulses ran,
As I looked and wondered at the wealth
All mine to have and hold !

Alas ! not so ; I could not move
This thing so heavy and cold ;—
Nor I nor twenty men could stir
The fiendish lump of gold.

XXIII.

I sat and gazed with savage eyes
Till joy gave place to dread ;
I felt the fate of Tantalus ;—
I smote my aching head.
A coward terror blenched my face,
The rustle of a leaf
Filled me with fear, lest it should tell
The footsteps of a thief.
I trembled at the waving grass
And the whisper of the wind ;
While the cry of the parrot, hoarse and rough,
In the thicket boughs behind,
Made my cheeks burn, it seemed so like
The voice of human kind.

XXIV.

In haste and dread I covered it up—
I covered it up with sand;
With sand, and clay, and clods of earth;—
I wrought with foot and hand,
I flattened the earth, and made it firm,
Then strewed it o'er with leaves,
As if the wild autumnal winds,
Through melancholy eves,
Had blown their dead to moulder there;
And then I went my way;—
And with me went a burning heart,
That hoped, but could not pray.

XXV.

But oh! the dreams—the joyous dreams—
Like sunbeams on a sea,
That sparkled on my restless mind,
When I thought of my gold and thee!

And oh! the overcrowding hopes
That looked in my face and smiled,
As I lay awake through the feverish night,
And heard the laughter wild
Of the roystering diggers singing their songs
To the small hours of the morn—
Hopes, and plans, and changeful dreams,
Of pride and avarice born :—
Ah no! not so—I wrong my heart,
When I listen to my scorn!

XXVI.

Heaven be my witness—love for thee
Through all my frenzy wrought ;—
And from the splendour of thine eyes
My sordid passion caught
A reflex of the generous fire
That sanctifies thy thought.
I prized not gold to hide and hoard,
Like miserable dirt ;

I sought it not for evil ends,
Or my fellow-creatures' hurt ;
But for sake of luxury and power—
To spend it like a king ;
To herd no more among the mean,
Who crawl for want of wing ;
But to soar aloft in the morning light,
And revel in the spring.

XXVII.

Oh glorious dream ! I sowed—I reaped—
Rebuilt my feudal tower ;
And through my old paternal groves,
My avenue and bower,
I walked the monarch of the place
In affluence of power.

XXVIII.

I built a dome for ancient art,
The master-works of Time,

For Titian, Guido, Tintoret,
And Rubens the sublime ;
For living art that charms the world
As potently as they,
Our English Raphaels—great perchance
As Raphaels passed away,
And none the less because they work
O'ershadowed by To-day.

XXIX.

I built a palace for my books,
So vast that kings themselves
Might marvel at the wealth of wit
I treasured on my shelves.
All art—all luxury and state,
The waifs of peace and war,
Choice pictures, vases, bronzes, gems,
I gathered from afar,
And all for thee my Love, my Queen—
My life—my polar star !

XXX.

Foils to the splendour of thy charms

I scattered at thy feet—

As breezes in the early June

Strew earth with blossoms sweet—

A shower of rubies, emeralds, pearls,

And diamonds for thy hair;

So that the proudest woman born

Might own thee past compare ;

And say, "She's happy—she's beloved,

As rich as she is fair."

While I might whisper to myself,

"Her smiles are purer gems ;

Her loving looks are greater wealth

Than regal diadems ;

Her words the treasures of my soul,

And she, if forced to part,

With all things but her pomp of youth

And purity of heart,

Would be a paragon of wealth,
And pauperize the mart."

XXXI.

But not alone for thee and me
Were all my hurrying dreams,
For I poured my wealth as Alpine peaks
Pour down the April streams.
To Kate thy sister, merry of laugh,
Amid her gay compeers.
But shy as a berry 'mid the leaves
To the eyes of cavaliers ;
I gave a dowry for an Earl ;
For Margery bright as she,
But changeful as the clouds of even
When the sun upon the rim of Heaven
Is sinking to the sea,
I counted out the jingling gold ;
The coins fell fast and free ;—

Into her lap as many I told
As leaves on the tall oak tree.

XXXII.

At morn, with hot, o'erwatchful eyes,
I rose ere twilight fair,
And walked abroad with stealthy tread,
Suspicious of the air,
And jealous lest the brabbling stones
My footsteps should declare.

XXXIII.

I sought the place where my treasure slept ;
The dews were on the ground,
Each silvery drop on the crinkled leaves
Lay, like a jewel, round.
No human foot had passed that way
Since the setting of the sun,
And the thought that weighed on my heavy
heart
Was a secret known to none.

XXXIV.

What should I do? 'Twere hard to say!
I could not move my wealth;
I could not bruise it into lumps,
And carry it off by stealth.
I could not tell the men I scorned,
Till my inmost heart did ache,
How great a treasure I had found,
And ask them to partake;
To come with the crowbar and the pike
To lift my ponderous gold,
And help me for an equal share—
Fully and fairly told,
For I knew they'd break the holiest oath,
And murder me for gold.

XXXV.

I waked in fear—I slept in dread—
I was afraid of day,

Lest its heedless light to human eyes
 My secret should betray ;
And when I visited the spot
 I walked another way—
Miles about like a dodging fox,
 Keen-eyed and strong of limb,
Lest men should follow and mark the place
 Where slept mine idol grim ;
And slay the worshipper at the shrine
 For the sake of the saint below ;
The fiendish saint—the Golden god—
 My comforter—my foe !

XXXVI.

But mostly in the dull dark night,
 Armed to the teeth, I prowled,
Stern as the wolves on the granite crags
 That stared at me and howled.
I lost the fellowship of man,
 My heart grew hard as stone ;

Nay, harder far, and heavy as gold;—
I stood in the world alone,
And Reason quaffed a poison cup,
And staggered on her throne.

XXXVII.

One luckless morn, with axe and gun,
I wandered to my lair;
My lair and haunt—my resting-place,
And saw to my despair,
The marks of feet—the earth upturned,
My treasure lying bare.
I stood aghast—I looked around—
I listened for a breath;
There was a devil in mine eyes,
And my fingers clutched at Death.

XXXVIII.

The drops that thickened on my brow
Fell earthward like the rain,

THE LUMP OF GOLD.

As with eager haste, and angry dread,
I covered it up again,
With stones and clods, and a burning strength
Intangible by pain.

XXXIX.

There burst on the air a scornful laugh,
And a hand was laid on mine ;
I started back as from a snake,
And saw 'twas Heseltine.
“So greedy, Aubrey ! Nay, be just,
The treasure's mine and thine ;
I've watched thee in thy moody walks,
And seen thy ramble ends :
Too much for one, enough for two,
We'll share it, and be friends.”

XL.

“Friend of a robber who dogs my path !”
I answered him in scorn ;

I uttered words that stung his pride,
Too bitter to be borne.
Taunt followed taunt—he drove me mad—
He struck me on the face ;
And quick as thought—but thoughtless all,
Except of the disgrace—
I raised the mallet in my hand
And fell'd him on the place.

XLI.

His forehead bled—he lay as dead—
I wiped his streaming cheek ;
I would have given my heart's last drop
If I could hear him speak.
I called him by the dearest names,
His senseless lips I kissed ;
I sought for water ; I prayed to Heaven ;
I chafed his pulseless wrist,
And cursed, in my deep, deep agony,
The gold for which I'd slain

A life that all the gold in the world
Could ne'er bring back again.

XLII.

I wandered forth to search for help ;
I left him on the ground :
I could not bury my dead myself ;
I wander'd round and round,
And lost my way in the weary night.
All night long I strayed,
Or sat upon the barren crags
Alone, and not afraid,
Except of a phantom blacker than night,
That grew in my heart dismayed.

XLIII.

I found the place at the dawn of day,
But not the murder'd man ;
Had strangers come and buried my dead,
With heart-wrung pity and ban ?

Or had the seeming dead revived
From a blow that failed to kill,
And lived for the sake of the dear, dear gold,
And the vengeance dearer still ?

XLIV.

A sudden frenzy raised my hair—
I knew not what I did ;
But I thought the golden fiend arose
From the ground where it lay hid,
And chased me with convulsive steps
Over the land and sea,
Sitting beside me when I slept,
Eating its bread with me ;
Mocking me with its yawning eyes,
Raising its yellow hand,
And driving, driving, driving me on,
Over the sea and land.

XLV.

I fled—it followed ; and though I knew
 'Twas the creature of my brain,
Born of the agony of guilt,
 I strove with it in vain :
Ever it followed, and ever I fled,
 Over the land and sea,
Mocking me with its yellow hand,
 Eating its bread with me ;
And would have goaded me to the death,
 Except for the love of thee.

XLVI.

A hideous likeness of myself,
 A torture to behold ;
Part was throbbing flesh and blood,
 Part was senseless gold.
It stood between me and the sun—
 It fouled the healthy air—

I looked to heaven, to fly its face,
And lo! the fiend was there.
I looked to earth, and at its feet
I saw a yawning pit;
It grinned, and pointed with its hand,
And said "Thy bones will fit."

XLVII.

And in the ship, as I hurried home,
I saw it in the shrouds;
It came and went from ship to wave,
From billow to the clouds;
It poisoned earth, it tainted heaven,
And dared, when sleep drew near,
To grasp me in its ghastly arms,
And whisper in my ear—
And say, "I've bought thee, body and soul;
Look in my face, and fear!"

XLVIII.

Long wandering brought me home at last—

Oh ! blessed be the hour !

I saw thee in the parish church—

I felt the preacher's power,

And hoped that I might die forgiven,

And make my peace with thee and Heaven.

And hour, more blessed still,

Thy father came to my sorrowful bed,

And ministered to mine ill.

He raised and comforted my heart—

He heard the tale I told—

And laid with the unction of his words

The haunting spirit of gold ;

Repentance banished it from my sight,

And I prayed and was consoled.

XLIX.

'Twas he who taught me how to die,

And better, oh ! better far ;

He taught me how to live for thee,
My joy and guiding star !
He found the living friend again,
And brought me from his hand,
The visible proofs—the written words—
That he lived in his native land,
And had forgiven the wrong I did,
When I smote him with my hand.

L.

Henceforth I'm thine, and only thine !
Content with little store,
I'll let the red gold sleep in peace,
And sell my soul no more.
I'm happy—as mortal heart can hope—
Since my sin has been removed ;
I envy no man's wealth or power,
I love—and am beloved.

Spin round, big world!—thou'lt trouble me not!

Flare Pomp! thou'rt nought to me!

And strive Ambition;—there's joy in the world

Unknown to thine and thee!

Epilogue.

SUCH was the tale; and witness of its truth

Came, ere the winter, Heseltine himself;

A fresh, full-bearded, brawny shouldered man,

Browned by the sun, and radiant with the strength

Of travel and pure breezes;—a glad face

Where guile or falsehood could not find a pore

To hide or harbour in; so clear it shone

In candour and simplicity of mind.

The friends long parted met like day and night,

And there was sunrise in the hearts of both,

And they were friends again, their friendship tried,

Like iron in the furnace, turned to steel.

“How of the gold?” said Heseltine one night,
When round the fire the little household met,
And the wind whistled through the outer door
And boomed and thundered down the chimney gorge.
“If there it lies,” said Aubrey, with a smile,
“There let it lie for me! I yield my right
Of first discovery. If Columbus I,
Amerigo Vespuccio thou shalt be,
And take the glory and the recompence.”

“The nugget lies untouched,” said Heseltine.
After you sailed, I heard that you had gone.
And not to leave the gold for alien eyes,
I visited the scene of our mishap,
And there beheld the treasure covered up.
I knew your hand, and put the final touch
To the great work. Aye, you may laugh or doubt,
But thus I did. I covered up the soil
Above the treasure; shaped it like a mound
Over a village grave. Forgive the deed;

In clerical presence it appears profane,
And so I deem it now, and do not boast,
But tell the truth, although against myself.
And at the end I placed a little cross
Of rudest workmanship, on which I graved
Deep with my bowie knife this epitaph :

‘ *Here lies a sinner—trouble not his bones.* ’ ”

The parson shook his head, but yet he smiled.
“ If there be body-snatchers in the south,
They’ll find a prize,” said Aubrey. “ Let them find !
Their monstrous nugget shall not vex my soul.”

“ ’Twill not be troubled,” answered Heseltine,
“ Till I return to dig it into light.
I’ve made my pact. I’ve chosen all my men,
You not gainsaying, stout of heart and hand ;
And we shall sail to Melbourne as we may,
And draw the treasure from the earth’s good Bank
Into the daylight, which it shall adorn ;
Half shall be yours, and with the other half

I'll pay my diggers, and all cost beside,
And have sufficient to be more than rich.

“A welcome and a bed in Aubrey Place,
And a week's shooting o'er your forest lands
Once in a year is all that I shall ask
To pay me back with usury all you owe.
If you hate money much as once you loved,
Learn wisdom from a simple-minded man.
Why should we love or hate it, and not serve
Great needs with it? If sailors love the wind,
And cooks the fire, and millers the full stream,
Not for the sake of wind, or fire, or flood,
But for great purpose, useful to mankind,
So should the wise love Gold;—but not too well.
Such my philosophy—and why not yours?”

II.

THE FESTIVAL OF ST. MARC.

THROUGH the old city
The gondolas crawl,
Sable and doleful
And coffin-like all.
Bright though the sunshine,
And blue though the skies,
Deep over Venice
A shadow there lies.
Day cannot cover it,
Death watches over it,
With his dim eyes.

The broad Canalazzo
Is quiet as glass,
O'er its calm waters
The gondolas pass ;

So dimly, so smoothly,
So sadly they go,
Wer't not for the morning
That glitters below,
You'd fancy Styx river
And Charons that row.

Each lordly palazzo
That borders the stream,
Like something remembered,
Or seen in a dream,
Stands lovely, but ghostlike,
And he who looks on
Imagines the vision
Must change, or be gone.
The ripple behind him,
Or plash of the oar,
Scarce breaks the reflexion
Of palace and shore.

It quivers a moment,
And sleeps as before,
So clear is the mirror,
That shadow and stone
Seem equally silent,
And lifeless, and lone.

And yet 'tis a holiday!
Hark to the bells
The old Campanile
With melody swells.
From pestilent alleys,
Dark, narrow, and warm,
Across the Rialto
The multitudes swarm.
The bridges—four hundred—
Are teeming with life,
The maid and the lover,
The husband and wife,

The master and servant,
The old and the young,
Come forth to the sunshine,
The joy-bells are rung;
St. Marc's fair piazza,
Feels warmth on its breast,
A flash of enjoyment
Comes breaking its rest.
The corpse has been quickened,
It stretches its limbs;
Float banners! sound music!
Swell—aves and hymns!

This hour, if no other,
Shall Venice be gay,
St. Marc is her patron,
And this is his day.
His temple and basilisk
Opens its doors,

And round the high altar

The multitude pours.

Be of it, and enter!

And leave until morn

The halls of the Doges

So dim and forlorn.

Why linger with shadows,

When substance is fled?

The living are with us—

Come out from the dead!

Vainly! oh, vainly!

Their works are around,

Their deeds and memorials

Encumber the ground.

Ten centuries whisper,

And start from the stones,

Greeks, Romans, Venetians,

Dominions and thrones.

Their heroes still scarlet,
 With blood which they spilt,
Their doges empurpled
 With glory and guilt,
Gleam out from the casement;
 They stand by the wall,
They start from the Duomo,
 They brood over all.

'Tis holiday ! holiday !
 Festival dear,
Beloved of the people,
 And first of the year.
Old Venice rejoicing
 Kneels down at the shrine,
And prays for protection
 And favour divine ;
Leaves trouble behind it—
 Shuts business at home,

To hear the Archbishop

Sing mass in the Dome.

Archbishop and Cardinal—

Lo! he appears

Arrayed in his purple,

A King 'mid his peers—

But laden, deep laden,

O'erladen with years!

He totters, he trembles—

He creeps to his place,

His eighty dark winters

Beshading his face.

They robe him—and crown him;

They kneel at his feet,

And bishops and deacons

Their aves repeat.

Old, withered, and feeble,

They nod as they go,

Their eyes lacking lustre,
 Their heads like the snow ;
And incense is scattered,
 And music is poured,
And voices are blended
 In praise to the Lord.

Be calm, oh, my spirit !
 What though at the shrine
The prayers which they utter
 May differ from thine :
A thought may unite them—
 A thought unexpress'd,
Inspiring and lifting,
 And filling the breast.
The form of the worship
 Is rind on the bole,
The fruit of religion
 Is Love in the soul.

Oh ! selfish and wayward !

Oh ! fancy run wild,

That will not and may not

Be trained like a child,

But wanders and frolics,

Like breeze on the hill,

To cloudland or daisy,

Wherever it will !

It sails with the music

To seas without bound,

It floats in the sunshine,

In darkness is drowned ;

It climbs the high organ

Up mountains of sound ;

Now hears the white pinions

That ruffle the air,

And voices angelic

That mingle in prayer ;

Then earthwards descending,

Goes gathering flowers,

And welcomes the cuckoo
Returned to her bowers ;
Then launched upon waters,
Goes down on the streams,
To regions ecstatic
Of slumber and dreams.

Breathe gently, sweet music !
Sound faintly afar !
Fall, melody, softly,
Like light from a star !
Melt, harmonies, lovingly !
Fuse into one,
Like dew-drops on rose-leaves,
Like dawn in the sun ;
Like friends re-united
When perils are pass'd ;
Like lovers long parted,
Made happy at last ;—
Dissever to mingle

Like fond lips, when coy,
And blend all your echoes

In Beauty and Joy!

In Beauty? aye—ever!

But Joy—nevermore!

The music is mournful

As waves on the shore,

As streams that are falling,

As moan of the wind,

Or whisper of angels

Who pity mankind.

Oh, music enchantress!

Thy magic instil!

I yield thee my spirit

To guide at thy will.

Thy thoughts shall impress me,

Thy meaning be mine,

Clear-voyant; deep-diving—

I see the Divine—

Time, Space, and Obstruction

No longer control,

And vision elysian

Comes down to my soul !

And what were thy visions,

Oh ! dreamer of dreams ?

The daylight came prying,

And dulled them with beams.

Too shapeless for Reason,

Though born in its light,

They paled into phantoms

In memory's night.

Dim phantoms of banners

For conquest unfurled,

Of brows bright with diamonds,

Of bosoms empearl'd,

Of Venice, the mistress

And Queen of the world ;

Of argosies laden

With damask and gold,
Of tributes barbaric
From kingdoms grown old ;
Of spousals fantastic
And rings in the tide ;
Of Venice the bridegroom,
And Ocean the bride,
So mingled together
That nought could divide.

Then changing and fading,
And thawing to death,
'Mid tearful lamenting
And tardy repenting,
That struggled for breath.
'Mid sobbings of women
And voices of wail,
And grief-laden echoes
Borne far on the gale ;
'Mid headless Falieros,

Each ghost in its shroud,
That paced round the Duomo,
Unseen of the crowd ;
'Mid prisoners' clanking
Their chains as they crept,
And maids who dishevelled
Their hair as they wept ;—
While louder and clearer,
And rising to fall,
A dirge and a requiem
Were heard over all ;—
A dirge for dead Venice,
So fair in decay,
A sigh for the glory
Departed for aye—
Desolate ! Desolate !
Faded away !

Venice, April, 1855.

III.

THE OLD MAGDALEN AT ST. STEPHAN'S.

DESPISED and wretched, poor and old,
And shivering in the winter cold ;
So squalid, and tattered, so bare and thin,
I have a heart and a hope within.
I thread each day the crowded street
With weary and uncertain feet ;
And ever the well-clad passers-by,
With vacant or reproachful eye,
Look down on my rags, or step aside
For fear their garments, or their pride
Should catch a spot of dirt or shame,
From the wretch, the hag without a name,
Who crawls in their sunlight as they go ;

But let them pass ! they little know
How boils the lava down below !
Or how the heart-strings of the poor,
Can throb with passion—yet endure !

Aye ! let them pass ! not quite forlorn,
I can repay them, scorn for scorn !
Not scorn ! ah, no ! sweet Magdalen !
And Mary, mother ; Queen of men ;
Dear women ! purest saints in Heaven !
Pray that my boast may be forgiven !
'Tis human weakness, lingering still,
A thought that comes against the will.
Forgive it ; scorn is not for me,
With seventy years of misery ;
So vile, so wicked, and so weak ;
Oh, Mary ! hear me when I speak ;
Oh, Virgin Mary ! angel mine ;
Look on me with those eyes divine ;
I feel them burn ! I feel them shine !

The husk shall rot that swathes me now ;
 I shall be beautiful as thou,
 Engirt in glory as in balm,
 And wear the crown, and bear the palm !

Here in the aisles of Saint Stephan,
 Before the bleeding "God-in-Man,"
 My seventy years, my daily pain,
 My poverty, my guilt's deep stain,
 Roll from me like the stormy rain ;
 And leave me young and lily-white,
 A flower to blossom in the light,
 Of heavenly glories infinite.

For me ! for me ! ever for me,
 The deep-toned organ, like a sea
 Of mystery, surging on mine ears,
 Reveals the music of the spheres ;
 And wafts me on its waves and tides
 To heaven's own gate, among the brides,

Who, in white garments, strewn with stars,
Look humbly through the golden bars,
Until they hear the Bridegroom say :—
“ Your place awaits you ; come away ;—
Come in, for ever bright and young !
Your crowns are made ; your harps are strung ;
Come in and walk the sapphire floor—
Blessed ;—thrice blessed evermore !”

For me, the mean, the scorned, the base,
Are pomp and splendour, power and grace ;
For me the incense-bearers fling
More sweets than load the breath of Spring,
For me the holy bishops sing ;—
For me their anthems, low or loud,
Stream like the sunshine through the cloud ;
For me their chants like billows roar,
Or melt like ripples on the shore ;
For me the choir, so childlike fair,

With golden locks of flowing hair,
And flute-like hymns that pierce the air,
Mingle, amid the bass profound,
Their voices—now afloat—now drowned,—
And now upsoaring, as if wings
Were lent them by the King of Kings,
To fly beyond this earthly cell,
Right up to Heaven ineffable !

Mine are the robes, the priests, the shrines,
The altars, and the aisles' long lines,
The windows purple, red, and green—
All radiant with celestial sheen—
That seize the sun-robe by its hems,
And twist or cut it into gems ;
Mine are the sculptured saints sublime,
The lamps, the pictures, the rich rhyme,
The myrrh, the manna, and the blooms,
Of mingling incense and perfumes !

Come, queen ! come, empress ! come and wear
A thousand diamonds in your hair ;
Come with your eyes more bright than they ;
Bring youth, health, strength, and rich array,
And dazzle all the crowd that see ;
Kneel down !—you cannot dazzle me !—
Here on this pavement bending low,
I am your equal !—If not so
I rise above you by my woe !
By woe, by patience, and by love,
Of Magdalen, sweet saint above ;
Who suffered, sinned, and wept as I,
And pleads my pardon in the sky.

Vienna, April, 1855.

IV.

THE COLUMN OF LUXOR.

I.

OH ! grey-headed column of Luxor !
Oh ! ancient and eloquent stone !
That standest supreme in thy sadness
'Mid splendour and glare—but alone !
They brought thee with pomp and rejoicing,
A trophy to pamper their fame ;
With sound of the drum and the trumpet,
And salvos, and shouts of acclaim :
Oh ! preach to this change-loving people
From depths of thy memories vast,
And, proud as they are of the present,
Tell them the past !

II.

Yet, no, it were idle to show them
The waifs and the shipwrecks of Time ;—
They know that the mighty have perished,
Laid low in their folly or crime.
They know that the kingdoms and empires
That grew in the ages of old
Were swept from their places, like footmarks
On sands where the ocean has rolled :
Tradition itself has forgot them,
Their deeds and their names disappear,
Or live but in falsified echoes,
Vexing the ear.

III.

They know that Sesostris and Pharaoh
Were lords of the world in their day ;
That Babylon, Luxor, and Memphis
Were haughty—yet vanished away.

The tree was unsound, and it perished ;
The fruit had a worm at the core ;
The ship had no pilot to guide it,
And broke on the shoals of the shore.
Oh ! eloquent stone of the desert,
Such teachings are idle and vain,
And fall on a storm-troubled ocean
Lightly as rain.

IV.

Speak home to their business and passions !—
Though Egypt was fated to fall,
And Carthage, and Greece, and Phœnicia,
Are deaf as the dead to our call ;—
Though Rome disappeared like a vapour,
The men of to-day will not see
The fate of the past in the present,
Or know that what was, is to be.
The multitude surge in thy shadow ;—
They roar in their ebb and their flow,

And, puffed with the wind of their greatness,
Shout as they go :—

V.

“Our France is the Empress of nations,
Her grandeur is yet in its birth,
Her people are wisest and bravest,
The pride and example of earth.
She fills the wide world with her glory ;—
She speaks—and her rivals are dumb ;
And all she achieves is an omen
Of greater achievements to come.
Immortal in youth and in wisdom,
She turns her calm face to the sky,
And Ruin, unable to smite her,
Passes her by.”

VI.

And yet, only twenty short summers
Have bloomed since thou camest to France ;

Come! tell them the scenes thou hast witnessed,
To warn them of change and of chance!
They bore thee—a pledge of their triumph—
From shores where their fathers had bled;
They raised thee 'mid thunder of cannon,
And tricoloured banners outspread.
The King, with his courtiers and children,
Looked round him, exulting and proud,
And said, "I am firm! I am happy!
Mine is the crowd."

VII.

Again came a multitude thronging—
Ashamed of the idol they made,
And lo! the great King and his glory—
Came down to the dust—as they bade!
He fled, though with none to pursue him—
And left not a relic behind;
Neither son, nor successor, nor mourner;—
Dried leaf, on the popular wind!—

His throne made a bonfire for outcasts,
And blood-sprinkled beggars lay down,
And trailed through the filth of the gutter,
Ermine and crown.

VIII.

They set up a King to succeed him,
King Liberty, Monarch adored ;
They told him to rule as it pleased him,
And gave him for sceptre, a sword.
They throned him, and crowned him with garlands,
And knelt at his feet in the mire,
And called him the saviour of nations,
Their model, their friend, their desire.
King Liberty, drunken and frantic,
Let Anarchy loose on his slaves,
And plundered and murdered his people,
Dancing on graves.

IX.

And they called in their desperate anguish,
For a potent and resolute will ;
For a man with a heart made of iron,
For a hand that was ready to kill ;
For a master to curb and to conquer,
This pestilent Lord of the streets,
To chain him, and gag him, and scourge him,
Or ship him to tropical heats.
And losing their senses in terror,
They cried from the depths of despair,
“ Oh! save us, thou man of the sabre !
Strike, do not spare ! ”

X.

The master they wanted was ready—
His sceptre and crown were decreed,
And vaulting aloft like a horseman,
Who knows how to govern his steed,

He trampled the earth like a Centaur,
And trod his opponents to dust,
While the millions, vainglorious and grateful,
Cried "Viva! In thee is our trust!
In *thee* is our trust, oh Napoleon!
The rabble are wicked and blind :—
Far better one ruler than many—
Lash them and bind!"

XI.

He bettered the lesson they taught him,—
And rode to his stirrups in gore,
And Anarchy's carcase lies bleeding,
Unburied, with none to deplore.
He gives them permission to barter,—
To labour, to plod, and to thrive,
To gamble, to cheat, to adventure,
To sing, and to dance, and to wive.
But woe on their heads, if presuming,
They dare but to reason, and think!

Is *He* not the Lord of opinion?—

Back from the brink!—

XII.

Back! back! from the brink of Destruction!—

Back! back to your counters and wares—

Grow fat, crying “Long live Napoleon;”

And leave him his crown and his cares!—

Oh! grey-headed column of Luxor!

Oh! ancient and eloquent stone!

That standest 'mid splendour and beauty,

So desolate, awful, and lone—

Go, preach to this change-loving people—

From depths of thy memories vast,

And proud, as they are of the present,

Show them the past!

Paris, 1853.

V.

PANIC AT THE BOURSE.

I.

BUILD your Tower of Babel,
Oh, ye busy crowds,
Ye are deft and able,
Strong, and sure, and stable—
Build it to the clouds.

Build with gold and paper,
Stock, and share, and scrip,
Broad at base, and taper
As a sailing ship.

Build it up—we pray you try—
Right through Cloudland to the sky.

II.

Though the plan bewilders—
Mason, tiler, smith,
Hewers, drawers, gilders,
Oh, ye joyous builders,
Ye are men of pith !
Eager-hearted strivers
That can toil and sweat,
Deep and keen contrivers,
Getting but to get ;
Build your Babel, high and great,
Strong and durable as Fate.

III.

Fortune's utmost malice
Finds you tough to slay,
To her shafts grown callous,
In your lofty palace
Working night and day !

Palace! No, an altar,
Raised for Mammon's self,
Where each word you falter
Is a psalm of pelf.
Shrine of Lucre—holy Fane—
High Cathedral of St. Gain!

IV.

Hark! the voices roaring!
Hark! the Babel din!
'Tis an anthem soaring,
'Tis a loud adoring,
Stoop—and enter in.
Mockery! Illusion!
Furious caps and bells!
Madness, rout, confusion!
Cries, and hoots, and yells!
Like a tide the people go—
Frantic, heaving to and fro!

V.

Shall the rattling thunder
Shake it, base or roof?
Or the earthquake under
Rend the walls asunder?—
Walls—destruction proof?
Shall the sands entomb it,
Or the waters drown?
Or the fire consume it,
Till it topple down?
“No!” a myriad voices cry,
“Great is Mammon! lift him high!”

VI.

Oh! ye soap-sud blowers,
Pause and look around!
Oh! ye hazard-throwers,
Loungers, comers, goers,
Hear ye not a sound?

Sturdy knaves and schemers,
Confident and bold !
Dupes and silly dreamers !
Ye are bought and sold.
Hark ! a whisper far away !
Lo ! a shadow on the day !

VII.

Why should whispers fill you
With such cold affright ?
Ye are dumb—what will you ?
Shall a shadow kill you,
Oh, ye men of might ?
'Tis the Monster PANIC,
Looming large and near,
Breathing vague tyrannic
Frenzies in each ear !
Who are dross ? and who are scum ?
None can tell us—Panic's come.

VIII.

Oh, the foul example!
Oh, the selfish town!
In this earth so ample
Wherefore crush and trample
Each his neighbour down?
Hark! the shouts and curses!
Hark! the wildering cry!
Close your yawning purses,
Men of gold, and fly!
Fly, and hide in caves and holes,
Happy if you save your souls.

IX.

Towers their turrets lifting,
Carved with rare device,
Feel a sudden shifting,
As of basements drifting
On a floe of ice.

Then a stifled rumbling,
Then a 'crash and fall,—
Down comes Babel tumbling,
Dome and towers and all !
Dig amid the whirling dust—
There is something left—we trust.

X.

Nothing worth the trouble,
Only stocks and shares,
Powdered dirt and rubble,
Paper, rags, and stubble,
And a few despairs !
Contracts and debentures
For the winter's fire,
Waifs of wrecked adventures
Stranded in the mire.
Nothing else in whole or parts ;
Nothing—but the broken hearts.

VI.

WHAT WAS DONE WITH THE SAINTS AT ST. OUEN.

[In the early period of the French Revolution, when France found herself opposed single-handed to the whole of Europe, twelve bronze statues of the Apostles which adorned the fine cathedral of St. Ouen at Rouen, were, by order of the "Committee of Public Safety," cast into cannon. Some portion of the bronze was coined into *sous*. The furnace was erected in the middle aisle of the cathedral.]

I.

PILE the fagots on the fire,

Blow the bellows—louder blow!

Pile the fagots higher! higher!

Make the old cathedral glow!

There is work that needs our hand;

Hoy! oh!

There is work that needs our hand,

If we'd help our native land,

Strip, and do, and understand.

Hoy! oh!

K

II.

Lo! the Saints in every niche
 Seem to watch us down below ;
 Honest Saints! ye'll make us rich,
 When ye melt like summer snow !
 Ye have never served the State ;—
 Hoy! oh!
 Ye have never served the State,
 But you must—though high and great—
 Yield as we do to your fate.
 Hoy! oh!

III.

Pile the coal! the fagots raise!
 See how grimly, in a row,
 They look downwards at the blaze ;
 'Twould be strange if they could know
 To what uses they must come ;—
 Hoy! oh!

To what uses they must come,
When in seas of fire they've swum,
And are comrades of the drum !

Hoy ! oh !

IV.

Hoist ! and lift them to the earth—
Bind them tightly, top and toe,—
They are heavy in the girth ;
Solid brass, a ton or so.

Round their necks affix a chain ;—

Hoy ! oh !

Round their necks affix a chain ;
And for fear it snap or strain,
Link it round and round again !

Hoy ! oh !

V.

What a creaking and a rout !

Oil the pulleys as they go ;—

This is Peter! Stand about—

And the cock that cannot crow—

Put his Saintship in the flames ;—

Hoy! oh!

Put his Saintship in the flames ;

And the next, Saint John or James—

But what signify their names!

Hoy! oh!

VI.

In the furnace let them warm,

Till the fire to fury grow ;

And with roar, like wintry storm,

When the pine trees feel it blow,

Bite and lick them till they run ;—

Hoy! oh!

Bite and lick them till they run,

And are mingled into one,

Like the ice-drops in the sun.

Hoy! oh!

VII.

They are molten in a mass :
Stir the liquor to and fro—
Till the brave obedient brass,
In a burning torrent flow,
To the pit and to the mould ;—
Hoy ! oh !
To the pit and to the mould,
To the darkness and the cold,
To arise both new and old,—
Hoy ! oh !

VIII.

Old in substance, new in shape,
Form'd for service, not for show,
And to pour forth shot and grape,
Open throated on the foe !
Saints of marble cannot fight—
Hoy ! oh !

Saints of marble cannot fight,
But the bronze when cast aright,
Can put enemies to flight.

Hoy! oh!

IX.

Pile the coal upon the fire,
All your logs and fagots throw,
Pile them higher! higher! higher!
Make the old cathedral glow,
And the brass the guns refuse—

Hoy! oh!

And the brass the guns refuse,
Far too plentiful to lose,
We will coin it into *sous*.

Hoy! oh!

X.

Peter's pence to pay the brave,—
Not the tribute which we owe,

Nor the right which they may crave,

But the best we can bestow !

Let our enemies advance,—

Hoy ! oh !

Let our enemies advance,—

And we'll lead them all a dance,

Then Huzza ! Huzza ! for France !

Hoy ! oh !

VII.

THE PAGEANT IN THE BEECH-TREE
AVENUE.

I.

IN the fair November,
Glowing like an ember,
All its leaves fire-colour'd,
By the summer's breath;—
Lovely 'mid its sorrow,
As a young May-morrow
In its lusty triumph
Over wintry Death,
Were it not for thinking
Of the dark To-be;
I beheld a pageant,
Beautiful to see,

A pageant and a vision,
In the public way,
Underneath the shadows,
In the noon of day.

II.

Many things I pondered,
As alone I wandered,
Up to Castle Mowbray,
Through the beech-tree walks;
Under leafy net-work
Domed, like gothic fret-work
In cathedral archways,
On their pillar'd stalks.
To my silent fancy,
Earth had borrow'd gloom
From the western turret,
And its darkened room;

Where the Lord of Mowbray,
Dying, if not dead,
'Mid his weeping children,
Lay upon his bed.

III.

Through the woodland hoary,
With autumnal glory,
Pass'd a slow procession
To the castle-gate ;
Earls and barons olden,
Silver knights and golden,
Clad in clanking armour,
Haughty and sedate :
First with lifted vizor,
Fiery-eyed, but pale,
Rode the line's great founder,
Stiff with burnished mail.

Him there followed nobles,
Courtiers, cavaliers,
Warriors, hunters, judges,
Orators and peers.

IV.

In their spectral glances
I could read romances,—
Terrible life-secrets,
Ransacked from the tomb.
Some rode bold and lusty,
Grasping falchions trusty;
Others, old and feeble,
Shivered in the gloom ;
Some like simple burghers,
Passed in russet brown ;
Some wore silk and velvet,
Some the wig and gown ;

Some were robed in purple,
As for feast and dance,
And others, as for battle,
Poised the heavy lance.

v.

Well I knew their faces ;
On them, in their places,
In the hall of portraits,
In their oaken frames,
I had gazed untiring,
Curious and inquiring,
Groping out their story,
And their ancient names.
One had sailed with Richard
To the Holy Land ;
One waylaid in travel,
Fell by robber's hand

One had died a traitor
On the fatal block,
And many for their country,
In the battle-shock.

VI.

One had slain his brother,
Darling of his mother,
And, in late repentance,
Donn'd the priestly stole ;
One, with dice and horses,
And all evil courses,
Damag'd fame and fortune,
And perchance his soul ;
One, of heart aspiring,
Woo'd and won a queen ;
One the miller's daughter,
On the village green.

Some looked round in marriage,
 Others looked above;—
 While twenty wed for money,
 And two or three for love.

VII.

One in hour of danger,
 From his home a stranger,
 Fled the State commotions,
 That might overwhelm;
 One had served the nation,
 In its desolation—
 Hurling in the senate,
 Words that rouse a realm.
 One had sold his honour
 For a monarch's smile;
 One, on seat of judgment,
 Braving fraud and guile,

And all force opposing,
Dared unrighteous power
To touch the people's freedom,
Their heritage and dower.

VIII.

Through the Norman portal,
Rode the grey, immortal,
Shadowy, spectral fathers,
Sadly one by one ;
Them there followed, slowly,
With meek eyes, and lowly,
Sorrow-pale, a mother,
Weeping for her son ;
In her morn of beauty
Seventy years before,
She had died in childbirth,
And the babe she bore,

Old, on death-bed lying,
 Pray'd, and faintly smil'd,
 Yielding up his spirit
 Calmly as a child.

IX.

Flashes evanescent,
 Pale, and phosphorescent,
 Lit the western turret
 Suddenly as thought ;
 Voices seemed replying,
 To the sere leaves sighing,
 As the wind among them
 Crept along distraught—
 As beneath the archway,
 Pass'd that mother fair,
 With her glancing shoulders,
 And her auburn hair,

And her pallid features,
Which the grave had kiss'd,
And her trailing garments,
Thin as morning mist.

X.

Entering in sadness !
Issuing in gladness !
Through the gate, unopened,
Shivering on its hinge,
Out she came resplendent,
With a soul attendant,
Wearing clouds for vesture,
And the stars for fringe.
Young and lovely mother !
Son of ancient years !
Tenderly she led him,
Smiling through her tears ;

Striving to support him
With a loving hand,
And pointing, with raised finger,
To the spirit-land.

XI.

Following in order,
Down the beechen border,
Rode the ancestral phalanx ;
Till the passing bell,
With the dead condoling,
Through the village tolling,
From the castle turret,
Boomed its solemn knell.
And a wind up-curling,
Faintly from the ground,
Stirred the beech-tree branches
With a whispering sound ;

And, like darkness melting,
At the face of day,
All the ghostly pageant
Waned and died away.

November, 1855.

VIII.
THE ROMAN GIRL.

I.

FAIR maid of Italia,
How lovely art thou !
Erect is thy bearing,
Serene is thy brow.
Yet deep in thy bosom
A mystery lies,
And Ætnas of passion
Look forth at thine eyes.

II.

We gaze on thy beauty,
And deem at its shrine,
The soul of thy country
Is mirror'd in thine.

That such as thou standest,
The image might be,
Of Rome in her beauty,
Sad, earnest, and free.

III.

If such be thy peasants,
Oh, heart-stricken Rome!
From children unborn
Will deliverance come.
If such be thy maidens,
Look up through thy tears,
And trust, O Italia,
The birth of the years!

IV.

Thy foes may oppress thee,
Thy friends may betray,
And both may be banded
To spoil and to slay;

And long thou mayst suffer
In darkness and doubt,
For errors committed,
Within and without.

V.

But sooner or later
The day-star will rise,
To shine through the tempests
That darken thy skies.
The sons of these mothers
Shall struggle again ;
Learn wisdom, Italia,
Nor struggle in vain.

IX.

THE LAMENT OF CONA, FOR THE
UNPEOPLING OF SCOTLAND.

I.

Low o'er Ben Nevis, the mists of the sunrise are trailing;
Dimly he stands by the tempests of centuries worn;
Lonely Lochaber and grey Ballahulish are veiling
Their cold jagged peaks in the thick-drooping vapours
of morn;
Red gleams the sun o'er the ocean,
Lochlin with angry commotion
Batters the shore, making moan in its innermost
caves;
While from each mountain height,
Fed by the rains of night,
Torrents come bounding to mingle their voice with
the waves.

II.

On through Glen Cona, the valley of murder and
rapine,

Dark with the crimes and the sorrows of days that
are past ;

On by the track where the three giant Sphinxes of
Appin,

Loom through the moorland, unshapely, majestic,
and vast ;

On by the turbulent river,

Darting the spray from her quiver,

Bounding and rolling in glory and beauty along ;—

On by the rocky path,

Far through the gloomy strath,

Lonely I wander by Cona, the river of song.

III.

Cona ! sad Cona ! I hear the loud psalm of thy sorrow ;

Wierd are thy melodies, filling with music the glen ;

Dark is the day of the people, and shall no to-morrow
Gleaming with brightness bring joy to these true-
hearted men ?

Not for the past and its sadness,

Not for its guilt and its madness,

Mourn we, oh Cona ! To-day has a grief of its own.

Forth go the young and old,

Forth go the free and bold,

Albyn is desolate ! Rachael of nations ! Alone !

IV.

Roll, ye dark mists, and take shape as ye marshal
before me,

One is among you ;—I see her, dejected and pale !

Mournful she glides ;—it is Cona, who, hovering o'er
me,

Chants in the roar of the stream, her lament for the
Gael.

Words from her echoes are fashion'd,

Surging like pibrochs impassioned ;

Mourning for Scotland—and sobbing her useless
appeals ;

Sprite of the mountain stream,

Telling a truth—or dream !—

Reason is in it ;—Come, hear what the spirit reveals !

v.

“ Weep, Albyn, weep !” she exclaims, “ for this dark
desolation ;

Green are thy mountains, and blue are thy streams as
of yore ;

Broad are thy valleys to feed and to nurture a nation,

Mother of nations, but nation thyself never more !

Men of strong heart and endeavour,

Sigh as they leave thee for ever ;

Those who remain are down stricken, and weary, and
few ;

Low in the dust they lie,

Careless to live or die ;

Misery conquers them, foemen could never subdue.

VI.

“ Once thou wert home of a people of heroes and sages ;
Strong in the battle, and wise in the counsel were
they,

Firm in all duty, as rocks in the tempests of ages,

Loving and loyal, and honest and open as day.

Pure were their actions in story,

Clear was the light of their glory,

Proud were the chiefs of the clansmen who came to
their call ;

Proud of their race and laws ;

Proud of their country's cause ;

Proud of their faith, of their liberty prouder than all.

VII.

“ Each Highland hut was the home of domestic affection ;

Honour and Industry sat at the hearth of the poor ;

Piety prompted the day's and the night's genuflexion ;

Those who felt sorrow could still be erect and endure.

Born in no bright summer bowers,
Sweet were the fair human flowers—
Maids of the Highlands, array'd in their glory of
smiles ;
Blessings of good men's lives,
Thrifty and sober wives,
Mothers of heroes, the charm and the pride of the Isles.

VIII.

“Where are they now ? Tell us where are thy sons and
thy daughters ?
Albyn ! Sad mother ! No more in thy bosom they
dwell !
Far, far away, they have found a new home o'er the
waters,
Yearning for thee, with a love that no language can
tell.
Cold are the hearths of their childhood,
Roofless their huts in the wild wood,

Bends the red heather no more to the feet of the clan ;
Where once the clachan stood,
Comes the shy grouse and brood,
Fearing no danger so far from the presence of man.

IX.

“ Where the fair-headed, blue-eyed, rosy babes of the
Norland
Bathed in the burn, making merry the long summer
noon,
Comes the red-deer undismay'd from his haunts in the
moorland,
Slaking his thirst, where the pool shows its breast to
the moon.
Where in the days long departed,
Maidens sat singing, light-hearted,
Sounds but the roar of the flood, or the whisper of rills ;
Voices of human kind,
Freight not the vacant wind ;
Music and laughter are mute on the tenantless hills.

X.

“ Nimrods and hunters are lords of the mount and the
forest,
Men but encumber the soil where their forefathers
trod ;
Tho’ for their country they fought when its need was
the sorest,
Forth they must wander, their hope not in man, but
in God.
Roaming alone o’er the heather,
Nought but the bleat of the wether,
The bark of the colly, or crack of the grouse-slayer’s gun,
Breaks on the lonely ear ;
Land of the sheep and deer !
Albyn of heroes ! The day of thy glory is done !”

XI.

Cona ! sad Cona ! I hear the loud psalm of thy
sorrow ;
Wierd are thy melodies, filling with music the glen ;

Dark is the day of the people, and shall no to-morrow,
Gleaming with brightness, bring joy to these deso-
late men ?

Yes ; but not here shall they find it ;

Darkness has darkness behind it ;

Far o'er the rolling Atlantic the day-star shall shine ;

Young o'er the western main,

Albyn shall bloom again,

Bearing new blossoms, old land ! as majestic as thine.

Glencoe, August, 1854.

X.

MAN TO MAN.

I.

STAND up, man! stand!

God's over all.

Why do you cringe to me,

Why do you bend the knee,

And creep, and fawn, and crawl?

Stand up, man, stand!

If I thought our English land

Had no true-hearted poor,

To suffer—and endure—

And hold themselves erect,

In the light of their own respect,

I'd blush that I was English born,

And run away to the wilderness to free

myself from scorn.

II.

Stand up man, stand !

God made us all !

The wine transcends the froth—

The living skin, the cloth—

Both rich and poor are small.

Stand up, man, stand !

Free heart, free tongue, free hand,

Firm foot upon the sod,

And eyes that fear but God,—

Whate'er your state or name,

Let these prefer your claim !

If there be anything you want—

Speak up ! we may respect a churl, but

we hate a sycophant.

XI.

THE INVISIBLE CROWN.

I.

AMID the crowded streets and roar of voices,
Unnoticed by the multitude he goes,
Alone, but watchful ;—if the world rejoices
He smiles ; and if it weeps, he shares its woes :
But no one shares in his : his ways are lonely :—
The millions pass him, for they cannot see,
His glory and his misery ; but only
One of themselves ; a leaf upon the tree ;
A raindrop in the torrent ; one small grain
Washed on the stormy shore of Life's sad main.

II.

With them he is ; but of them ? Ah ! not so !
For them are common grief and common gladness,

But he from regal heights looks down below,
And finds no comrade for his joy or sadness.
His feet are on the ways where others travel ;
His breast is in the clouds ; his forehead fair
And heavenward eyes that see, and would unravel
Time, Fate, and Man are in the upper air,
And catch the dawning light ; but cold and stern,
Except for thoughts that ever throb and burn.

III.

Would men but hear the things which he could tell
them,
Would they but own him, he were bless'd indeed ;
The sorrow and the shame that once befell them,
But would befall no more, if they would heed,
Would give him joy to teach ; but what care they ?
They know him not ; or if they did, might love him,
If hate more potent did not seek to slay,
For speaking of the things too far above him,

For them to tolerate ; and so he's dumb,
And broods in silence on the days to come.

IV.

And yet he knows himself to be a king—
A king without a kingdom—scorned and throneless !
Around his brow there glows the burning ring,
Sparkling with jewels. From his lips, the moanless,
Escapes a sigh, that he should wear such crown,
Such burden and such penalty of splendour,
And find mid all the myriads of the town—
No man to say, " God save him," or to render
The homage of a look. Oh, pang supreme !
A fact to him—though to the world a dream.

V.

But still he wears it as a monarch should
By right divine ; and though he might endeavour
To cast it from him,—evil more than good,

And sink into the crowd, unknown for ever,
If he could barter it for peace of mind,
And being man, go down into the valleys,
Amid the household warmth, and welcomes kind,
Of children sporting in the garden alleys,
He cannot move it : God alone can take
The halo from his forehead ! Let it ache !

VI.

'Tis not the pain ; for well could he endure
A tenfold agony, if through the portals
Of their dim sight, men could behold him, pure—
Bearing his glory like the old Immortals.
But they are blind ; or that gold crown he sees
And feels upon his forehead by its burning,
Is viewless as the wind among the trees,
Or thought unuttered to the brain returning,
And dying where it sprung. Hence comes his grief ;—
Is there in Man or Nature no relief ?

VII.

One word! One little word! the humblest spoken
Would make him whole!—The word is still unborn,—
Pity him Earth and Heaven! or else heart-broken
He will go down into the grave forlorn,—
Too early blighted, all his glorious thought
Dying within him.—Men who boast of seeing,
Look in his heart—and tell us, wisdom-fraught,
The mystery and Beauty of his Being!
The world will gain—not he! Meantime he dies—
Looking towards the Future—and the skies.

XII.

AT A POET'S GRAVE.

I.

LET him rest ! Let him rest !
With the green earth on his breast ;
The daisies grow above him and the long sedge-grasses
 wave.
What call or right have you,
Ye mercenary crew,
To lift the pitying veil that shrouds him in the grave?
'Tis true this man could sing,
Like lark in early spring,
Or tender nightingale, deep hidden in the bowers ;—
'Tis true that he was wise,
And that his heavenward eyes,
Saw far beyond the clouds that dim this world of ours ;

But is he yours, when dead,
To rake his narrow bed,
And peer into his heart for flaws, and spots, and stains?
And all because his voice
Bade multitudes rejoice,
And cheer'd Humanity amid its griefs and pains?

II.

Let him rest! Let him rest!
With the green earth on his breast,
And leave! oh leave! his fame unsullied by your breath!
Each day that passes by,
What meaner mortals die;
What thousand raindrops fall into the seas of death!
No vendor of a tale,
His merchandise for sale,
Pries into evidence to show how mean were they;
No libel touches them,
No curious fools condemn;
Their human frailties sleep, for God, not man to weigh.

And shall the bard alone
Have all his follies known,
Dug from the misty past to spice a needless book,—
That Envy may exclaim,
At mention of his name,
'The greatest are but small, however great they look?'

III.

Let them rest, their sorrows o'er,
All the mighty bards of yore !
And if, ye grubbers-up of scandals dead and gone,
Ye find, amid the slime,
Some sin of ancient time,
Some fault, or seeming fault, that Shakespeare might
have done ;
Some spot on Milton's truth,
Or Byron's glowing youth ;
Some error, not too small for microscopic gaze :

Shroud it in deepest gloom,
As on your father's tomb
You'd hush the evil tongues that spoke in his dispraise.
Shroud it in darkest night!
Or, if compelled to write—
Tell us the inspiring tale of perils overcome :
Of struggles for the good,
Of courage unsubdued,
But let their frailties rest, and on their faults be dumb!

Ayrshire, 1854.

XIII.

MY NEIGHBOUR.

I.

HE was prudent, brave, and gentle,
Living as a man should do ;
Kept a conscience, did his duty,
Loved his fellows—served them too.
Modest, virtuous, self-reliant,
Rich and learned, wise and true.

II.

He had faults, perhaps had many,
But one fault above them all,
Lay like heavy lead upon him,
Tyrant of a patient thrall—
Tyrant seen, confessed, and hated,
Banished only to recall.

III.

“ Oh ! he drank ? ” “ His drink was water ! ”

“ Gambled ? ” “ No ! he hated play . ”

“ Then, perchance, a tenderer failing

Led his heart and head astray ! ”

“ No ! both honour and religion

Kept him in the purer way . ”

IV.

“ Then, he scorned Life’s mathematics,

Could not reckon up a score,

Pay his debts, or be persuaded

Two and two were always four . ”

“ No ! he was exact as Euclid,

Prompt and punctual—no one more . ”

V.

“ Oh ! a miser ? ” “ No ! ” — “ Too lavish ? ”

“ Worst of guessers, guess again ! ”

“ No ! I’m weary hunting failures ;

Was he seen of mortal ken,
Paragon of marble virtues,
Quite a model man of men ?”

VI.

“ At his birth an evil spirit
Charms and spells around him flung,
And, with well concocted malice,
Laid a curse upon his tongue ;
Curse that daily made him wretched,
Earth’s most wretched sons among.

VII.

“ He could plead, expound, and argue ;
Fire with wit, with wisdom glow ;
But one word for ever failed him,
Source of all his pain and woe,
Luckless wight ! he could not say it—
Could not—dared not answer No !”

XIV.

THE KINDLY WINTER.

THE snow lies deep upon the ground,
In coat of mail the pools are bound ;
The hungry rooks in squadrons fly,
And winds are slumbering in the sky.

Drowsily the snow-flakes fall ;
The robin on the garden wall
Looks wistful at our window-pane,
The customary crumb to gain.

On barn, and thatch, and leafless tree,
The frost has hung embroidery,
Fringe of ice and pendants fine,
Of filagree and crystalline.

But nought care we, though o'er the wold
The winter lays his finger cold ;
We still enjoy the roughest day,
And find December good as May.

Pile up the fire ! the winter wind,
Although it nip, is not unkind ;
And dark midwinter days can bring
As many pleasures as the spring.

If not the flow'ret budding fair,
And mild effulgence of the air,
They give the glow of indoor mirth,
And social comfort round the hearth.

Pile up the fire ! When storms are rude,
We feel the joy of gratitude ;
And thankful for the good possess'd,
Have welcomes for the poorest guest.

The gloomy Winter—who is he ?
I never saw him on the lea,
I never met him on my path,
Or trow'd old stories of his wrath.

The Winter is a friend of mine,
His step is light, his eyeballs shine ;
His cheek is ruddy as the morn,
He carols like the lark in corn.

His tread is brisk upon the snows—
His pulses gallop as he goes ;
He hath a smile upon his lips,
With songs and welcome, jests and quips.

A charitable soul is he,
His heart is large, his hand is free ;
He brings the beggar to his door,
And feeds the needy from his store.

The friend of every living thing,
Old Winter—sire of youthful Spring—
The glooms upon his brow that dwell,
Are glories when we know them well.

'Tis he that feeds the April buds,
'Tis he that clothes the Summer woods ;
'Tis he makes plump the Autumn grain,
And loads with wealth the creaking wain.

Pile up the fire ! and ere he go,
Our blessings on his head shall flow.
The hale old Winter, bleak and sere,
The friend and father of the year.

XV.

THE POPLAR LEAVES.

I.

ON the topmost twig where the winds blow free,
There were three leaves on the poplar tree,

Lonely ! Lonely !

The summer had gone, and left them there,
To crimple and sigh 'mid the branches bare,

Lonely ! Lonely !

Down by the fateful breezes whirled,
On the cold earth crisp and curled,

Amid the grass by the night-dews sodden,
All their old companions lay ;—

Alas for the glory past away

And the strength down trodden !

II.

"There's life in the air," said one of the trine,
 "And wholesome days in the autumn shine,
 "Lonely! Lonely!"
 "Though die we must, nor ever know
 "How warm the sweet spring breezes blow,
 "Lonely! Lonely!"
 "There's freshness yet in the moorlands wild;
 "I hear the laughter of a child,
 "And the lilt of the lark upsoaring;—
 "Though days are cold, and nights are long,
 "November finds us hale and strong,
 "We'll cease for the dead deploring."

III.

A sudden breeze came twirling by,
Betwixt the tree-tops and the sky;—
Lonely! Lonely!

And the garrulous leaf that spoke so well,
Dying, into its bosom fell ;—

Lonely ! Lonely !

“She’s dead ! poor soul !” said one of the twain—

“She was but frail ; but we remain ;—

“Oh, sister mine, we’ll die together !

“On poplar boughs no more shall wave

“Leaves, like the lost ones in the grave !—

“There’s Death in the winter weather !”

IV.

Again the wind came up the lea,

And rustling through the poplar tree,

Lonely ! Lonely !

Bore the last leaves on its breast

Low to the damp earth, where they rest,

Lonely ! Lonely !

“To hear these little creatures moan,”

Said the poplar tree with pitying tone,

To the breeze through its branches flying,
"You'd think ;—may kindly heaven forefend !
"That leaves and trees were at an end,
"And Nature lay a-dying !"

XVI.

THE SOULS OF THE CHILDREN.

I.

“WHO bids for the little children,—
Body, and soul, and brain?
Who bids for the little children—
Young and without a stain?
Will no one bid,” said England,
“For their souls so pure and white,
And fit for all good or evil,
The world on their page may write?”

II.

“We bid,” said Pest and Famine,
“We bid for life and limb;
Fever and pain and squalor
Their bright young eyes shall dim.

When the children grow too many,
We'll nurse them as our own,
And hide them in secret places,
"Where none may hear their moan."

III.

"I bid," said Beggary, howling,
"I bid for them, one and all!
I'll teach them a thousand lessons—
To lie, to skulk, to crawl!
They shall sleep in my lair, like maggots,
They shall rot in the fair sunshine;
And if they serve my purpose,
I hope they'll answer thine."

IV.

"And I'll bid higher and higher,"
Said Crime with wolfish grin,
"For I love to lead the children
Through the pleasant paths of sin."

They shall swarm in the streets to pilfer,
They shall plague the broad highway,
Till they grow too old for pity,
And ripe for the law to slay.

V.

" Prison and hulk and gallows
Are many in the land,
'Twere folly not to use them,
So proudly as they stand.
Give *me* the little children—
I'll take them as they're born,
And feed their evil passions
With misery and scorn.

VI.

" Give *me* the little children,
Ye good, ye rich, ye wise,
And let the busy world spin round,
While ye shut your idle eyes ;

And your judges shall have work,
And your lawyers wag the tongue,
And the gaolers and policemen
Shall be fathers to the young.

VII.

"I and the Law, for pastime,
Shall struggle day and night;
And the Law shall gain, but I shall win,
And we'll still renew the fight:
And ever and aye we'll wrestle,
Till Law grow sick and sad,
And kill in its desperation,
The incorrigibly bad.

VIII.

"I, and the Law, and Justice,
Shall thwart each other still;
And hearts shall break to see it;—
And innocent blood shall spill!

So leave,—oh, leave the children
To Ignorance and Woe—
And I'll come in and teach them
The way that they should go."

IX.

"Oh, shame!" said true Religion,
"Oh, shame that this should be!
I'll take the little children,
I'll take them all to me :
I'll raise them up with kindness
From the mire in which they're trod ;
I'll teach them words of blessing,
I'll lead them up to God."

X.

"You're *not* the true Religion,"
Said a Sect with flashing eyes ;
"Nor thou," said another scowling,
"Thou'rt heresy and lies."

“You shall not have the children,”
Said a third with shout and yell;
“You’re Antichrist and bigot—
You’d train them up for hell.”

XI.

And England, sorely puzzled
To see such battle strong,
Exclaimed, with voice of pity,
“Oh, friends, you do me wrong!
Oh, cease your bitter wrangling;
For, till you all agree,
I fear the little children
Will plague both you and me.”

XII.

But all refused to listen;
Quoth they—“We bide our time;”
And the bidders seized the children—
Beggary, Filth, and Crime;

And the prisons teemed with victims,

And the gallows rocked on high ;

And the thick abomination

Spread reeking to the sky.

XVII.

THE OLD MEN PLAYING.

I.

BEAR lightly on their foreheads, Time!

Strew roses on their way,

The young in heart, however old,

Who prize the present day,

And, wiser than the pompous proud,

Are wise enough to play.

II.

I love to see a man forget

His blood is growing cold,

And leap or swim, or gather flowers,

Oblivious of his gold;

And mix with children in their sport,
Nor think that he is old.

III.

I love to see the man of care
Take pleasure in a toy ;
I love to see him row or ride,
And tread the grass with joy,
Or hunt the flying cricket-ball
As lusty as a boy.

.

IV.

All sports that spare the humblest pain,
That neither maim nor kill ;
That lead us to the quiet field,
Or to the wholesome hill,
Are duties which the pure of heart
Religiously fulfil.

V.

Though some may laugh that full-grown men
 May frolic in the wood,
Like children let adrift from school ;—
 Not mine the scornful mood ;—
I honour human happiness,
 And deem it gratitude.

VI.

The road of life is hard enough,
 Bestrewn with slag and thorn ;
I would not mock the simplest joy
 That made it less forlorn,
But fill its evening path with flowers
 As fresh as those of morn.

VII.

'Tis something, when the Noon has passed,
 To brave the touch of Time,—

And say, "Good friend, thou harm'st me not,
My soul is in its prime;—
Thou canst not chill my warmth of heart;—
I carol while I climb."

VIII.

Give us but health and peace of mind,
Whate'er our clime or clan,
We'll take delight in simple things,
Nor deem that sports unman;—
And let the proud, who scorn to laugh,
Despise us if they can!

XVIII.

THE MIDNIGHT WATCH AT WALMER CASTLE.

I.

Most sad ! most beautiful ! the calm, clear stars
Shine on us, through the soundless deeps of time :
The moaning sea strikes chafing on the bars
Of the restraining land ; its voice sublime
Making sonorous music evermore—
A wail, a chant, a requiem, on the shore.

II.

Around the lonely room, where sleeps in death
Britain's great hero—friend of human kind—
There are no sounds but Ocean's, save a breath,
Fitful and low, of the expiring wind ;

And at short intervals the measured beat,
Solemn and slow, of the night-watcher's feet.

III.

These sounds but mark the silence, as pale lights
In deep, wide darkness, show it darker still.
All silently, from out the heavenly heights,
The stars look down on human joy or ill;
All beauteously the Night pursues her way,
And breathes her prayerful thoughts to coming Day.

IV.

To musing Fancy, Walmer's lonely pile
Seems as if conscious of her sacred trust,
She hushed to breathless awe the moaning isle
Over her Wellington's lamented dust.
Looking far out upon the restless main,
The one sad sentinel of England's pain.

V.

How sad, but yet how beautiful the scene !

'Tis Death that lends the music to the sea ;

'Tis that High Presence, solemn and serene,

Which robes all Nature with such sympathy ;

And gives the stars of heaven a voice to tell

Things felt, but never known—ineffable.

VI.

We gaze and sigh ;—but here we cannot weep ;

'Tis Reverence and Religion, and meek Faith,

That fill us with emotion, pure and deep,

And waft our heavenward thoughts to Life from

Death,—

To Life Eternal : tears we may not shed,

We are alone with Nature and the dead.

VII.

The tears shall fall to-morrow, but not here!—

'Mid pomp and show, and blazonry and pride,

And slow funereal march and gorgeous bier,

The sorrow shall have vent for him who died ;—
 So great, so simple, and so calmly grand—
 So like the staff and father of the land.

VIII.

But, ah ! not here ! We can but breathe a prayer,

Awed by the spiritual beauty spread around.
 The foremost man of all our time lies there ;
 The tree has fallen, and sanctifies the ground.
 To-morrow, and to-morrow, tears may flow ;
 But Hope is with the stars, and chides our woe.

November, 1852.

XIX.

PROFESSOR SCHLAFHAUBE, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF HEIDELBERG.

A PORTRAIT FROM THE LIFE.

LAZILY runs the tide of human life—

There is no effort in our German land—
Of what avail are ceaseless toil and strife ?
Is there not time ? Why move, if we can stand ?
There is no object the wide world can show,
Worth English hurry, sweat, and sore distress ;
Let the moons wane and wax, and come and go,
And let us Germans doze in happiness !

Why should we turn and spin in frantic haste
When we have seventy years to live and dream ?
Through cloud and vapour speed is perilous waste,—
Anchor the ship, there's fog upon the stream !

And let us sit and smoke the live-long day,
With deep-drawn whiffs, and drink the fattening
beer ;

Gazing on earth, or on the wreathlets grey
That curl above the pipes we love so dear

Pipes ! blessed pipes ! There were no good on earth
Without tobacco. Give us that, and peace,
A little sunshine, and the children's mirth ;
We'll ask no more ! And if our wealth increase
Like growing corn ;—why let it ! We are glad !
But trouble us, O men of other climes,
No more with whistling steam, and efforts mad,
That make us languish for the ancient times.

Perish the Sultan ! What is he to us ?

Let Russia flourish ! Why should we complain ?
Are *we* the avengers ? Work thy pleasure, Russ !
And let us smoke and sleep—and smoke again !

Firm as a rock let Germany endure ;

Not like a rocket, blazing from the west ;

Japan in Europe—slow, but very sure ;—

Oh, give us pipes and peace, and let us rest !

Dresden, April, 1855.

XX.

FALLOW.

ALONE, alone, let me wander alone !
There's an odour of hay o'er the woodlands blown ;
There's a humming of bees beneath the lime,
And the deep blue heaven of a Southern clime
Is not more beautifully bright
Than this English sky with its islets white,
And its alp-like clouds, so snowy fair!—
The birch-leaves dangle in balmy air ;
And the elms and oaks scarce seem to know
When the whispering breezes come or go ;
But the bonnie sweet-briar, she knows well ;
For she has kissed them—and they tell !
And bear to all the West and South
The pleasant odours of her mouth.

Let me alone to my idle pleasure ;
What do I care for toil or treasure ?
To-morrow I'll work, if work you crave,
Like a king, a statesman, or a slave ;
But not to-day, no ! nor to-morrow,
If from my drowsy ease I borrow
No health and strength to bear my boat
Through the great life-ocean where we float.

Under the leaves, amid the grass,
Lazily the day shall pass,
Yet not be wasted. Must I ever
Climb up the hill-tops of Endeavour ?
I hate you all, ye musty books !
Ye know not how the morning looks ;—
Ye smell of studies long and keen ;—
I'll change the white leaves for the green !
My Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, Pope,
I'll leave them for the grassy slope,

Where other singers, sweet as they
Chant hymn, and song, and roundelay.
What do I care for Kant or Hegel,
For Leibnitz, Newton, Locke, or Schlegel ?
Did they exhaust philosophy ?
I'll find it in the earth or sky,
In woodbine wreaths, in ears of corn,
Or flickering shadows of the morn ;
And if I gather nothing new,
At least I'll keep my spirits true
And bathe my heart in honey dew.

This day I'll neither think or read
Of great Crimean toil or deed.
To-morrow, as in days ago,
I'll pray for peace by valour won,
For speedy triumph of the right,
And Earth's repose in Love's own light.
To-day I need a truce myself
From books and men, from care and pelt,

And I will have it in cool lanes,
O'erarching like cathedral fanes,
With elm and beech of sturdy girth ;
Or on the bosom of green earth
Amid the daisies ;—dreaming, dozing,
Fallow, fallow, and reposing !

Betchworth, August, 1855.

XXI.

THE MAN AND THE MOUNTAIN.

THE MOUNTAIN.

Who art thou? who art thou?
Climbing up to my white brow—
But half the size of the little pine tree
That grows in the clefts below my knee?
What dost want? and what wouldst do
Between my cope and the frosty blue?
Amid my silent pinnacles
The hesitating avalanche dwells,
And issuing from my garnered snow
A hundred foaming torrents flow;—
Little creature—bold and vain,
Keep to the safety of the plain,

Nor tempt the heights, where, all alone,
I hurl the tempests from my throne.

THE MAN.

Proud mountain—since thou'st found a tongue,
Back be thy defiance flung !
Small as I am, and mighty thou,
With all thy centuries on thy brow,
I climb thy heights to make thee mine—
From thy nether forests of waving pine,
Up to thy barest steeps afar,
Where the icicles gleam to the Polar star !
What are thy crags and glaciers rude,
Unless in their pregnant solitude
They teach me things I pine to know ?
What are thy pinnacles of snow,
Thy caverns where the whirlwinds grow,
And all thy rivers, so fierce and free,
Unless they minister to me ?

Great and awful as thou art,
Thou art but little to my heart ;
And thy supreme magnificence
Is but the creature of my sense.
True, I am smaller than the pine
That grows beneath those feet of thine ;
But I'm thy master, thou not mine.
I can measure thee, up and down,
Base and girth and snowy crown ;
I can weigh thee to an ounce,
And thy value can pronounce !—
To me—so small—to me is given
To weigh the ponderable sun,
And track the planets as they run,
And say which follows and which leads ;—
I can discover them by their deeds !
And shall not *I*, thou mountain proud,
Scale thy small peaks above the cloud ?
Thou wert made for me to climb—
Me—the humble—yet sublime !

I am little—thou art great—
Yet what art thou, in all thy state,
Compared with me ? Thou'rt but a grain
In the great ocean of my brain !
Look up to heaven, thou haughty hill !
Roll thy torrents at thy will ;
Loose from thy grasp the avalanche,
And crush the forests root and branch ;
But learn thy place in Nature's plan—
The slave and minister of Man.

XXII.

DREAMING! IDLY DREAMING!

I.

DREAMING! idly dreaming!

In the summer bowers,
Came a whisper stilly
From the rose and lily
And the meadow flowers.

"Tho' we bloom to woo you,"

Seemed the voice to sigh,
"Leave, oh, leave us growing,
Or like wild-winds blowing—

Touch, and travel by!
Beauty shrinks from selfish capture—
Love is short that lives on rapture,
If you gather us—we die!"

II.

Waking! sadly waking!

In the moil and strife,
Came a prompter quiet
Through the wild-world riot
And the storm of life;—
“Joys and Pleasures tempt us,”
Seemed the voice to sigh,
“But, unwisely taken,
“From their branches shaken,
“All their glories fly.
“Bright and fair, with colours golden,
“By our longing hearts beholden,
“When we gather them—they die!”

XXIII.

SAFE PREDICTIONS.

I.

WHENE'ER you hear a "patriot" spouting
Incessant gall,
Of vice assured, of virtue doubting,
In great or small ;
Worth, talent, honesty denying,
Except in self ;
Believe him not—he may be purchased ;
His price is pelf.

II.

Whene'er you see a widow weeping
In public sight,
And still in flagrant notice keeping
Her doleful plight

Aye talking of her dear departed ;
One truth is plain,
She will not languish broken-hearted,
But wed again.

III.

Whene'er a rich man vows to lend you
All he has got,
Well knowing while he would befriend you,
You need him not ;
You may be sure, should fate capricious
Deny you bread,
Your rich good friend, grown avaricious,
Will "cut you dead."

IV.

Whene'er a statesman, Whig or Tory,
Talks loud and long
Of serving country for the glory,
With yearning strong;

Needing no Sovereign to regard him ;
Look in his face,
And be convinced that to reward him
He wants a place.

V.

Whene'er an author shows you meekly
His last new book,
And says all critics, daily, weekly,
Its faults o'erlook,
And praise it far beyond its merits—
On this decide,
He ranks himself with choicest spirits,
And bursts with pride.

VI.

Whene'er a critic o'er his duties
Still snarls and snaps ;
Affirms all faults, and speaks of beauties
With cold "perhaps,"

Hunts for small flaws with keenest pleasure
From day to day ;
The man's a donkey ; know his measure ;
And let him bray.

VII.

Whene'er a woman vows to love you
In Fortune's spite ;
Makes protestations that would prove you
Her soul's delight ;
Swears that no other love shall win her
By passion stirred ;
Believe her not, the charming sinner
Will break her word.

VIII.

And if in this cold-hearted lyric
I seem, in sooth,
With voice ill-natured and satiric
To doubt of Truth—

Believe me not ; I own her splendour

Void of offence,—

And merely struggle to defend her

From false pretence.

XXIV.

NAPOLEON AND THE SPHYNX.

I.

BENEATH him stretched the sands
Of Egypt's burning lands ;
The desert panted to the swelt'ring ray ;
The camel's plashing feet,
With slow, uneasy beat,
Threw up the scorching dust like arrowy spray ;
And fierce the sunlight glowed,
As young Napoleon rode
Around the Gallic camp, companionless that day.

II.

High thoughts were in his mind,
Unspoken to his kind ;

Calm was his face—his eyes were blank and chill ;
His thin lips were compress'd,
The secrets of his breast,
Those portals never pass'd, for good or ill ;
And dreaded—yet adored—
His hand upon his sword,
He mused on Destiny, to shape it to his will.

III.

“Ye haughty Pyramids !
Thou Sphynx ! whose eyeless lids
On my presumptuous youth seem bent in scorn ;
What though thy form has stood
Coëval with the flood,
Of all earth's monuments the earliest born ;
And I, so mean and small,
With armies at my call,
Am recent in thy sight as grass of yester-morn ;—

IV.

" Yet in this soul of mine
 Is strength as great as thine,
 O dull-eyed Sphynx that wouldst despise me now ;
 Is grandeur like thine own,
 O melancholy stone,
 With forty centuries furrowed on thy brow !
 Deep in my heart I feel
 What Time shall yet reveal,
 That I shall tower o'er men, as o'er these deserts
 thou.

V.

" I shall upbuild a name
 Of never-dying fame,
 My deeds shall fill the world with their renown :
 To all succeeding years,
 The populous hemispheres

Shall pass the record of my glories down ;
And nations yet to be,
Surging from Time's deep sea,
Shall teach their babes the name of great Napoleon.

VI.

“ On History's deathless page,
From wondering age to age,
New light and reverence o'er that name shall glow :
My deeds already done,
Are histories begun,
Whose great conclusion centuries shall not know.
O melancholy Sphynx !
Present with Future links,
And both shall yet be mine. I feel it as I go !”

VII.

Over the mighty chief
There came a shadow of grief ;—

The lips gigantic seemed to move and say,
 " Know'st thou his name that bid
 Arise yon Pyramid ?
 Know'st thou who placed me where I stand to-day ?
 Thy deeds are but as sand,
 Strewn on the heedless land :
 Think, little mortal, think ! and pass upon thy way !

VIII.

" Pass, little mortal, pass !
 Grow like the vernal grass ;
 The autumn sickle shall destroy thy prime !
 Bid nations shout the word
 Which ne'er before they heard,
 The name of Glory, fearful, yet sublime ;—
 The Pharaohs are forgot,
 Their works confess them not :
 Pass, Hero ! Pass, poor straw upon the gulf of Time !"

XXV.

TO ONE WHO WAS AFRAID TO SPEAK HIS
MIND ON A GREAT QUESTION.

I.

SHAME upon thee, craven spirit !
Is it manly, just, or brave,
If a truth have shone within thee,
To conceal the light it gave ;—
Captive of the world's opinion—
Free to speak, but yet a slave ?

II.

All conviction should be valiant ;
Tell thy truth, if truth it be ;
Never seek to stem its current ;—
Thoughts, like rivers, find the sea ;

It will fit the widening circle
Of Eternal Verity.

III.

Speak thy thought if thou believ'st it,
Let it jostle whom it may,
E'en although the foolish scorn it,
Or the obstinate gainsay :
Every seed that grows to-morrow
Lies beneath a clod to-day.

IV.

If our sires, the noble-hearted,
Pioneers of things to come,
Had like thee been weak and timid,
Traitors to themselves, and dumb,
Where would be our present knowledge ?
Where the hoped Millennium ?

V.

Where would be triumphant Science,
Searching with her fearless eyes,
Through the infinite Creation
For the soul that underlies—
Soul of Beauty, soul of Goodness,
Wisdom of the earth and skies ?

VI.

Where would be all great inventions,
Each from by-gone fancies born,
Issued first in doubt and darkness,
Launch'd 'mid apathy and scorn ?
How could noontime ever light us,
But for dawning of the morn ?

VII.

Where would be our free opinion,
Where the right to speak at all,

If our sires, like thee mistrustful,
Had been deaf to duty's call,
And concealed the thoughts within them,
Lying down for fear to fall?

VIII.

Though an honest thought, outspoken,
Lead thee into chains or death—
What is Life, compared with Virtue?
Shalt thou not survive thy breath?
Hark! the future age invites thee!
Listen! trembler, what it saith!

IX.

It demands thy thought in justice,
Debt, not tribute, of the free;
Have not ages long departed
Groan'd, and toil'd, and bled for thee?
If the Past have lent thee wisdom,
Pay it to Futurity.

XXVI.

ON A PORTRAIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

I.

AND is this she—so pure and meek—

Is this the mighty Queen—

With soft full eyes and placid cheek,

. And aspect so serene ?

Is this the Sovereign of the sea—

The Great, the Invincible, the Free ?

II.

Are these the fragile hands that wield

The firmest sceptre known ?

Is this the fairy form revealed

That fills earth's loftiest throne ?

And with the shadow of her robe
Belts all the climates of the globe ?

III.

No charm that in the poorest homes
Breathes happiness around,
Is absent here ; where'er she roams
She carries holy ground :
And were she humble as she's high,
Love were alike her destiny.

IV.

Oh, subtle power of gentleness !
Oh, strength of feeble hand !
Oh, bright example sent to bless
And elevate our land !
Thou need'st no armies in defence—
Thou hast them in thine innocence !

V.

Great Queen ! sweet Lady ! Woman true !

Fair Mother ! tender Wife !

May blessings like the heavenly dew

Fall daily on thy life !

For thee the nation's prayers ascend,

Its child, its guardian, and its friend.

VI.

Our prayers are grateful ; for we know,

Hadst thou, our peaceful star,

Not dawned amid impending woe,

And clouds of coming war,

That civil discords might have broke

In lightnings round our British oak.

VII.

While " nations not so blest as we,"

Toss'd in a whirl of grief,

Fought for some spectral liberty,
Or sanguinary chief,
We prized the gift our sires bequeathed,
And round thy brow our laurels wreathed.

VIII.

While Anarchy prepared for fight,
And Tyranny grew strong,
We stood a model for the right—
A warning for the wrong:
And showed the realms, misdoubting still,
The quiet grandeur of our will.

IX.

We taught that theories were vain,
However high and pure,
That took no heed of toil and pain,
And patience to endure,
Or thought great Freedom's tree of power,
Grew like a mushroom in an hour.

X.

And if we've known a happier fate,
Although some praise be theirs—
The pious people, brave and great,
Made wise by many cares ;
Not less the meed that's justly thine,
Supported by the Hand Divine.

XI.

Beneath thy mild, auspicious sway,
The household virtues bloom,
And Learning and the Arts display
A light through Europe's gloom.
And wondrous deeds are daily wrought,
That once seemed folly to have thought.

XII.

Th' electric chain, whose mystic girth,
Makes distance but a span ;

And Science covering all the earth

With benefits for man ;

And countless triumphs to be born

In the new dawning of the Morn :

XIII.

All these the annalist shall tell

As glories of thy Crown,

And own as we, thy name a spell,

And omen of renown ;

Victoria of the peaceful smiles !

Queen and Enchantress of the Isles !

XXVII.

A BARD'S REQUEST.

I.

WHEN I lie cold in death,
Bury me where ye will,
Though if my living breath
May urge my wishes still,
When I shall breathe no more ;
Let my last dwelling be
Beneath a turf with wild flowers covered o'er,
Under a shady tree,—
A grave where winds may blow and sunshine fall,
And autumn leaves may drop in yearly funeral.

II.

I care not for a tomb,
With sculptured cherubim,

Amid the solemn gloom
Of old cathedrals dim ;
I care not for the pride
Of epitaphs well-meant,
Nor wish my name with any pomps allied,
When my last breath is spent ;
Give me a grave beneath the fair green trees,
And an abiding-place in good men's memories.

III.

But wheresoe'er I sleep,
I charge you friends of mine,
With adjuration deep
And by your hopes divine,
Let no irreverent pen
For sake of paltry pay,
Expose my faults or follies unto men,
To desecrate my clay ;
Let none but good men's tongues my story tell ;—
Nor even they,—I'd sleep unvexed by any knell.

IV.

Why should the gaping crowd
Claim any right to know
How sped in shine or cloud
My pilgrimage below ?
Why should the vulgar gaze
Be fixed upon my heart,
When I am dead, because in living days
I did my little part
To sing a music to the march of man—
A lark high carolling to armies in the van ?

V.

But still if crowds will claim
A moral, to be told,
From my unwilling name,
When slumbering in the mould,
I'll tell the tale myself—
A story ever new—

Yet old as Adam—oh, ye men of pelf,
Ye would not tell it true !
But I will tell it in my noon of life,
And wave the flag aloft ere I depart the strife.

VI.

I wasted precious youth,
But learned before my prime,
The majesty of Truth,
The priceless worth of Time.
I hoped, and was deceived—
I built without a base—
I err'd—I suffer'd—doubted—and believed—
I ran a breathless race,
And when half-way toward the wished-for goal,
Despised the bauble crown, for which I'd given
my soul.

VII.

I thought that I was wise,
When folly was my rule,

But with late-open'd eyes
Confess'd myself a fool.
I strove in vain to flee
The penalty of sin ;
I plucked the apple, Pleasure, from the tree,
And found it dust within.
I sow'd ill seed in spring-time of my years—
And reaped the natural crop of agony and tears.

VIII.

I never did a wrong
That brought not punishment,
In sufferings keen and long
By chastening mercy sent.
I never did the right
Without a sweet reward
Of inward music and celestial light,
In beautiful accord.
I never scorn'd but with result of scorn,
Nor loved without new life when I was most
forlorn.

IX.

I think I loved my kind,
And strove to serve it too,
And in my secret mind
Adored the good and true.
I know I never dipped
My pen in slime or gall,
Or wrote a sentence which the purest lipp'd
Would scruple to recall;
I think my lyre gave forth a manly tone—
I know I never preached opinions not my own.

X.

I found, as man or boy,
Delight in wild woods green,
And reap'd perpetual joy
From every natural scene.
I nursed amid the crowd
My human sympathies;

To heart and brain they made appeal aloud,
With voice of mysteries.
And in the forest paths, or cities throng'd,
Nature was in my soul, and to my soul belonged.

XI.

In all my life I felt
God's presence evermore,
And reverently knelt
To love and to adore.
Such let the record be—
I charge ye, friends of mine,
Add but a date to this life-history—
The obituary line,—
Say that I lived and died, and did my best—
But spare my secret heart, and let my follies rest !

XXVIII.

RETURNING MESSENGERS.

I.

I WAS harsh and unforgiving,
Cruel taunts escaped my tongue;
Every word, not dead, but living,
Pierced the bosom whence it sprung—
Poison'd arrow, backwards flung.

II.

From my lips the words of blessing
Issued, though I know not when
Each my happy soul possessing
Came, an angel, back again,
Bearing blessings ten times ten.

XXIX.

THE TAMBOURINE GIRL OF PROCIDA.

I.

I LOVE my little native isle,
Mine emerald in a golden deep ;
My garden where the roses smile,
My vineyard where the tendrils creep.
How sweetly glide the summer hours,
When twilight shows her silver sheen ;
And youths and maids from all the bowers
Come forth to play the Tambourine.

II.

At morn the fisher spreads his sail
Upon our calm encircling sea ;
The farmer labours in the vale,
Or tends his vine and orange tree.

But soon as lingering sunset throws
O'er woods and fields a deeper green,
And all the west in crimson glows,
They gather to the Tambourine.

III.

We love our merry native song,
Our moss-grown seats in lonely nooks,
Our moonlight walks the beach along,
For interchange of words and looks.
When toil is done, and day is spent,
Sweet is the dance with song between ;
The jest for harmless pleasure meant,
And tinkle of the Tambourine.

IV.

My native isle, my land of peace ;
My father's home, my mother's grave ;
May evermore thy joys increase,
And plenty o'er thy cornfields wave !

May storms ne'er vex thine ocean surf,

Nor war pollute thy valleys green ;

Nor fail the dance upon thy turf,

Nor music of the Tambourine !

XXX.

THE STAGE COACH AND THE STEAM
CARRIAGE.

O LUXURY of travel! joy refined!

To fly steam-harness'd, in the ponderous train,
And feel the victory of mighty Mind

O'er space and time, for uses not in vain!

Yet ever in this world must loss and gain
Balance each other. Is it speed we prize?

'Tis edged with danger, equipoised by pain,
And aids our business but to cheat our eyes.
Th' unsocial Rail affords no varied pleasure

Like yours, ye coaches of a former day:
Apt for our haste, delightful for our leisure;—

We miss the cantering team, the winding way,
The road-side halt, the post horn's well-known air,
The inns, the gaping towns, and all the landscape fair.

XXXI.

LIVING GREATNESS.

LEND me thine eyes, Posterity! A cloud
Gathers between my vision and the men
Whose voices echo o'er this breathing world.
Lend me thy sight:—lend me thy placid soul,
Free of this mean contemporaneous scorn,
That I may know what mighty spirits walk
Daily and hourly in my company,
Or jostle shoulders in the common crowd,
The thinkers and the workers of the Time.

I'm sick of Apathy, Contempt, and Hate,
And all the blinding dust which envy stirs,
To shroud the living lustre from our sight.
Lend me thine eyes, grateful Posterity!
Upon the hill-tops I would stand alone,
Companion of the vastness, and keep watch

Upon the giants passing to and fro,
Small to the dwellers in the vales beneath,
But great to me. Oh, just Posterity,
I strive to penetrate thy thought ; to soar
Beyond the narrow precincts of To-day,
And judge what men now wanting crusts of bread
Shall in thy book stand foremost, honour crown'd ;
What scorn'd and persecuted wretchedness
Shall shine, the jewel on a nation's brow ;
And what unfriended genius, jeer'd, impugn'd,
Shall fill the largest niche of Pantheons.

I would behold, daily, for my delight,
The clear side of the greatness, the full size,
Shape, glory, majesty, of living men.
Why should our envy dim the orbs of heaven ?
Why should our malice dwarf the giant's height ?
Our scorn make black the white robes of the sage ?
Lend me thy sight—I will see marvels yet,
Gold in the dust and jewels in the mire !

XXXII.

INKERMANN.

I.

SEBASTOPOL lay shrouded
In thick November gloom,
And through the midnight silence
The guns had ceased to boom.
The sentinel outworn
In watching for the morn,
From Balaclava's heights
Beheld the Russian lights,
In the close-beleaguered fortress far adown ;
And heard a sound of bells,
Wafted upwards through the dells,
And a roar of mingling voices and of anthems from the
town.

II.

They prayed the God of Justice
To aid them in the wrong,
They consecrated Murder
With jubilee and song.
To the slain, the joys of Heaven,—
To the living, sin forgiven,—
Were the promises divine
That were passed along the line,
As they gathered in their myriads ere the dawn;
While their priests in full accord,
Chanted glory to the Lord,
And blessed the Russian banner and the sword for
battle drawn.

III.

Stealthily and darkly,
Amid the rain and sleet;
No trumpet-call resounding,
Nor drum's tempestuous beat—

But shadow-like, and slow,
Came the legions of the foe,
Moving dimly up the steep
Where the British Camp asleep,
Lay unconscious of the danger lurking near ;
And the soldier, breathing hard,
On the cold and sodden sward,
Dreamed of victory and glory, or of home and England
dear.

IV.

Hark ! Hear ye not a rumbling
On the misty morning air—
Like the rush of rising tempests
When they shake the forest bare ?
The outposts on the hill
Hear it close, and closer still.
'Tis the tramp of iron heels,
'Tis the crash of cannon wheels,

And "to arms!" "to arms!" "to arms!" is the cry.

"'Tis the Russians on our flank!

Up, and arm each British rank!

And meet them, gallant Guardsmen, to conquer or to
die."

V.

Then rose the loud alarum

With a hurricane of sound,

And from short uneasy slumber

Sprang each hero from the ground;

Sprang each horseman to his steed,

Ready saddled for his need;

Sprang each soldier to his place,

With a stern, determined face;

While the rousing drum and bugle echoed far,

And the crack of rifles rung,

And the cannon found a tongue,

And down upon them bursting came the avalanche of
war.

VI.

Through the cold and foggy darkness
Sped the rocket's fiery breath,
And the light of rapid volleys,
In a haze of Living Death ;
But each English heart that day
Throbb'd impetuous for the fray,
And our hosts undaunted stood—
Beating back the raging flood,
That came pouring from the valley like a sea,
Casting havoc on the shore,
With a dull and sullen roar,—
The thunder-cloud above it, and the lightning flashing
free.

VII..

On darkness grew the daylight,
'Mid the loud, incessant peal ;
On the daylight followed noontide,—
And they struggled steel to steel !

O ye gallant souls and true !
O ye great immortal few !
On your banner, bright unfurl'd,
Shone the freedom of the world ;
In your keeping lay the safety of the lands ;
Lay the splendour of our name ;
Lay our glory and our fame ;
And ye held and raised them all in your dauntless
hearts and hands.

VIII.

For a moment, and one only,
Seemed the Russians to prevail :
O ye brave eight thousand heroes !
Ye shall conquer ! They shall fail !
They can face you—if they must—
But they fly your bayonet thrust.
And hark ! the ringing cheer
That proclaims the French are near,

And is heard above the raging battle din !

Giving courage to the brave—

Striking terror to the slave,—

A signal and an omen of the victory to win !

IX.

Break forth thou storm of battle,

With a new and wild uproar !

Beam out thou flag of England,

With thy sister tricolor !

For, fighting side by side,

One in spirit, heart allied—

In the cause of truth combined,

For the freedom of mankind—

France and England show the world what may be
done ;

And their star of glory burns

And the tide of battle turns,

And the beaten Russians fly, and the victory is won.

X.

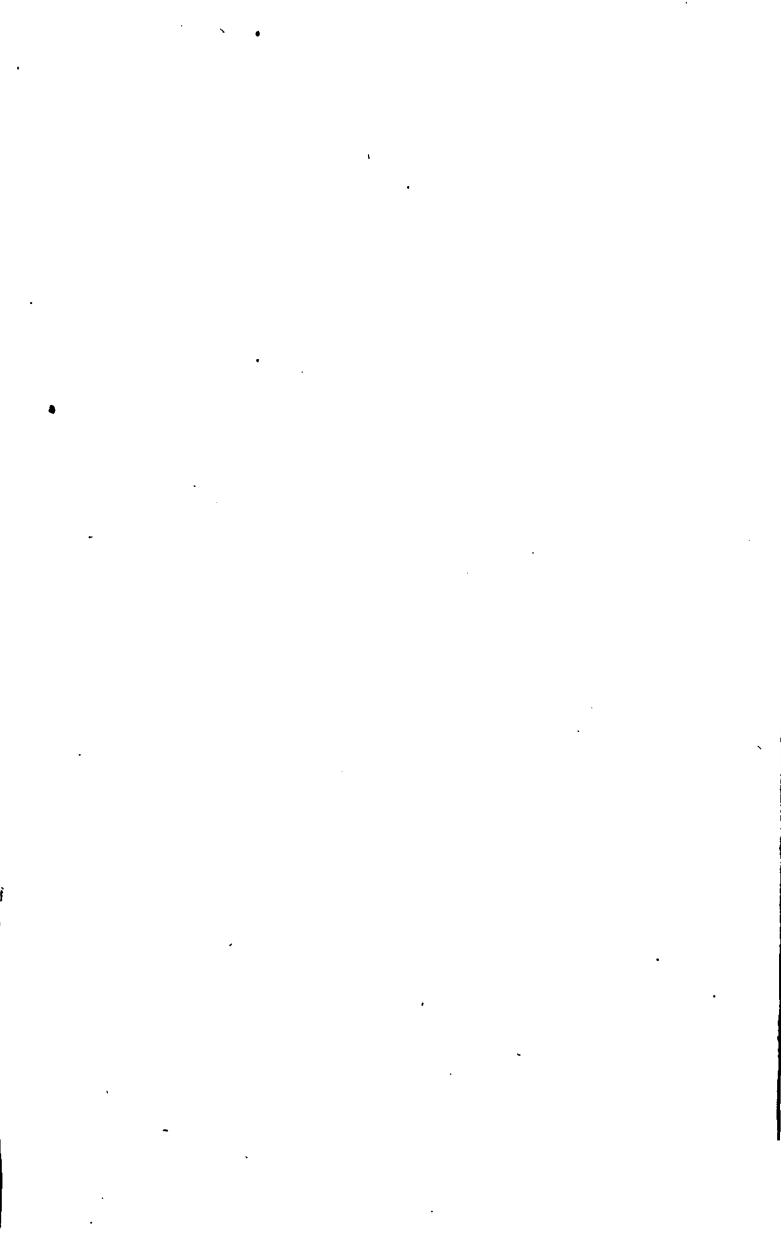
Thus fourteen thousand freemen,
Invincible in right,
Defeated seventy thousand,
In fierce unequal fight!
Thus Thermopylæ of old
And its men of Titan mould
Were surpassed, at duty's call,
By the Briton and the Gaul;
(May the splendour of their friendship never wane!)
By the men who fighting fell
With Cathcart and Lourmel,
Or lived with placid Raglan, avengers of the slain.

XI.

And as long as France and England
Shall give birth to manlike men,
Their deeds shall be remembered
Should the battle burst again;

And to actions as sublime
Shall inspire each future time.
And when War's alarms shall cease,
And the nations live in peace,
Safe from Tyranny, its murder, and its ban,—
Let us tell with generous pride
How our heroes fought and died
And saved a threatened world on the heights of
Inkermann!

THE END.





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